CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. VI. London, August, 1909 No. 4

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Issued Monthly. Price: { Canada and Great Britain $1.50 a year. 15 cents the copy. } { United States $2.00 a year. 20 cents the copy.

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Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second class matter.
Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Ltd., Publishers

SILVESTER-WILLSON BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA Telephone 5322

OFFICES AT

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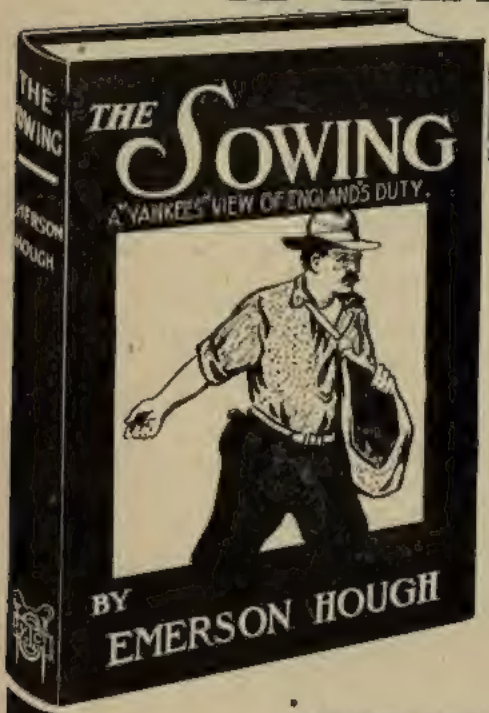
THE SOWING

A "Yankee's" View To Herself



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GOD'S COUNTRY

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

When I hear the coyote there in the bluff
  Calling, at dusk, when the sun gets red,
And feel the kiss of the west'ring breeze,
  And hear the ducks' wings over my head,
And it's quiet, and big, and fresh, and free,
  I thank God I'm living in His country.

When I hear the call of the mother cow
  Out on the trail when the day is new,
And the sun comes up from 'way back east
  And quenches his thirst in the prairie dew,
When the chicken scuttles along the trail
  Where the buffalo-wallows used to be,
Why I just sort of choke, and say, I'm glad
  To be living and loving in God's Country.

Painted for Canada West Monthly by Arthur Heming The Love Dance—see page 232

THE BEAR, COMING SUDDENLY UPON THE MOTIONLESS FIGURE, WITH A SNORT OF SURPRISE, ROSE UPON ITS HAUNCHES

CANADA WEST

VOLUME VI. LONDON, ONT., AUGUST NUMBER 4

THE MEN WHO LEAD THE FARMERS

BY FRANK MANTLE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

NO chapter in the history of western Canada's development is of greater interest or more significant than that dealing with the experimental farms which dot the country here and there, and with the men who have been instrumental under the Dominion government in making these farms the recognized power in agriculture they now are. Spencer A. Bedford and James Murray in Manitoba, Angus Mackay in Saskatchewan, G. H. Hutton and W. H. Fairfield in Alberta, and Thomas A. Sharpe in the valleys of southern British Columbia, are names with which to conjure among the farmers, for they stand for actual—not theoretical—success, and for scientific yet practical farming.

DR. WILLIAM SAUNDERS, C.M.G., LL.D.
Director of Experimental Farms for Canada since 1886

In 1887 the Dominion government purchased 680 acres of land adjoining the townsite of Indian Head, Saskatchewan, from the Bell farming company, and in the spring of 1888 operations were begun upon the first experimental farm in the West. Angus Mackay, a Canadian of Scotch descent and Ontario birth and training, who had been farming in the Indian Head district since 1882, was asked to become superintendent, and accepted the post. This spring the farm attained its majority, Superintendent Mackay having sown and reaped twenty-one crops on it. Before he undertook this work, while yet farming for himself, Mr. Mackay became convinced that the secret of successful

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S RESIDENCE AT INDIAN HEAD EXPERIMENTAL FARM AS IT IS TO-DAY

wheat-growing on the plains of Saskatchewan having an annual rainfall of only seventeen or eighteen inches, lay in the conservation of soil moisture; and his first and greatest contribution to the farmers of that province was a system of farming whereby moisture might be conserved, fertility restored, and weeds eradicated, yet wheat remain the staple and almost the only crop. The distinctive feature of the rotation was the "summer fallow," by which one-third of the cultivated area of a farm lies idle each year to receive one deep plowing, and surface cultivation at intervals throughout the season. This system within recent years has been extended, elaborated, and re-christened "dry-farming" by a group of men under the energetic leadership of Professor H. M. Campbell, of Lincoln, Nebraska. The root idea of Professor Campbell's "dry-farming" system has been practised by Superintendent Angus Mackay on the plains of Indian Head for a quarter of a century.

In addition to pounding away year after year at this, the utilitarian side of his work, Superintendent Mackay has made a great contribution to the artistic and home-making aspect of farming by demonstrating that many varieties of trees, shrubs and fruits can be successfully grown on the wind-swept prairies of Saskatchewan. Between Brandon and Calgary on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway nothing attracts the traveler's attention more than the long and varied avenues of well grown Manitoba maples, cotton woods, conifers and willows, which line the roadways and border the fields of the Indian Head farm.

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S RESIDENCE AT INDIAN HEAD EXPERIMENTAL FARM AS IT WAS IN 1899

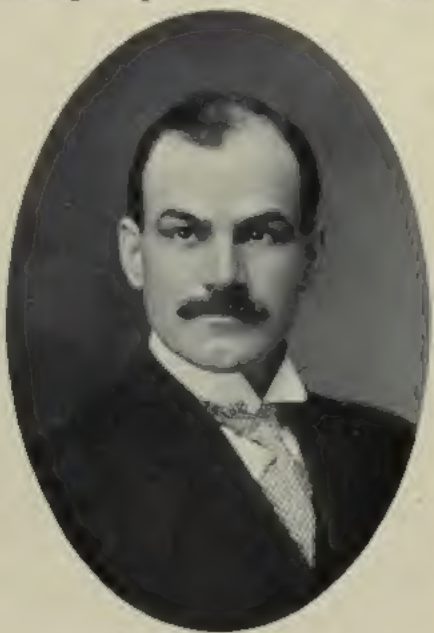
THE APPLE TREES AT INDIAN HEAD EXPERIMENTAL FARM ARE VIGOROUS AND FRUITFUL

S. A. BEDFORD
Professor of Field Husbandry at Manitoba Agricultural College

Professor James W. Robertson, Principal of the Macdonald Agricultural College at Ste. Anne Bellevue near Montreal, when he was commissioner of agriculture for the Dominion government and frequently visited the West, declared Mr. S. A. Bedford to be "the uncrowned King of Agriculture in Manitoba." Certainly any other agriculturist in the province would be as loath to question Mr. Bedford's leadership as Mr. Bedford himself would be to assert it, he being a humble and self-effacing gentleman. Real kingship, however, lies in actions rather than in titles, and Brandon Experimental farm will stand investigation. If there is to be found anywhere in the province of Manitoba a farm which can show such a record for persistent and consistent high yields of all kinds of field crops, or if there is one where so many varieties of fruit, flowers, vegetables, shrubs, and trees, attain such a profusion of growth, it has yet to be heard from.

The Brandon farm is undoubtedly the garden spot of Manitoba, and it is in no way receding from that position under the care of its present superintendent, James Murray, B.S.A. Mr. Bedford farms as to the manner born, and one readily believes that any wilderness would blossom as the rose under the spell of his almost uncanny knowledge of plant life. It is always

JAMES MURRAY, B.S.A.
Superintendent of the Experimental Farm at Brandon, Manitoba



G. H. HUTTON, B.S.A.
Superintendent of the Experimental Farm at Lacombe, Alberta

refreshing to meet a man who is openly and avowedly in love with his work; and this is doubly so when that work is farming. Too many men feel it necessary to adopt an apologetic air when explaining that they are "only farmers." Ignorance of agriculture will never be laid at Mr. Bedford's door, for he comes of generations of Kent and Sussex (England) farmers, emigrated to Ontario when twelve years of age, and later homesteaded in the Darlingford district, southern Manitoba, in 1877, when the railroad was yet 350 miles from Winnipeg.

The character of the man, his passion for good farming, and his knowledge of the essentials of success in his business, are well illustrated in the manner of his securing the first seed for his homestead. One day he informed his neighbors that he was going away to locate some good seed grain.

"When will you be back?" they asked.

"I don't know; it depends upon how soon I find seed to suit me," was the reply.

One could readily excuse a young homesteader a hundred miles from a large town if his standards in this matter were not very high and he took almost any seed he could get, assuring himself that he would clean it well and hand-pick the growing crop. Such a man was not young Bedford. He walked eighty miles from farm to farm and stopping-place to stopping-place before he returned from his historic seed hunt, but he had located pure seed of high quality and bought 130 bushels of it. As a result of his tramp and subsequent skill in handling the product, while other men were laboriously hauling their crop to Emerson, sixty-five miles distant, the nearest market, Mr. Bedford was able to sell his entire crop year after year for seed purposes, and have men pay higher prices for his grain right in his own yard than he could have obtained had he teamed it to Emerson! His first crop of oats yielded eighty-four bushels to the acre and fetched — literally fetched — for farmers came and hauled them away — seventy-five cents a bushel! The only load of grain he ever hauled to Emerson was wheat, and the price obtained after drawing it sixty-five miles was sixty-five cents!

Yet there are not lacking men who will sneeringly remark concerning the yields on experimental farms, "Anyone could do that with the government behind them; the farm doesn't have to pay its way." The point such men forget is that men don't get the care of such farms until they have made good on other farms, and if they did they couldn't hold the job two years, for no amount of money without brains and skill to direct it can make two bushels of wheat grow where most men grow but one, or make Scotch firs succeed where "wolf willow" is the natural growth.

After his homesteading experiences in southern Manitoba, Mr. Bedford moved still farther west and located in the Moose Mountain country, southern Saskatchewan. It was while here that he selected land for, and established a number of colonies sent out and equipped by British philanthropists of noble birth, among whom were Lady Burdett Coutts and Lady Gordon Cathcart. In these years Mr. Bedford spent from $40,000 to $50,000 annually on these colonies—large sums of money in those early days in the West.

At this time—in the early eighties—the first legislative assembly of the old North West Territories was convened, and Mr. Bedford was elected a member of it—an incident that shows the respect in which the young farmer was held by his neighbors and friends.

When the Canada North West Land Company bought from the Canadian Pacific Railway 2,500,000 acres of that road's land grant, Mr. Bedford was chosen to superintend the selection of the sections which were to comprise this immense area. When done in blocks of less than 1,000 acres, the choosing of 2,500,000 acres of land "fairly fit for settlement" is a great task, and every block was finally passed upon by Mr. Bedford after it had been reported upon by one or other of his twelve assistants. The crux of the matter lay in the words "fairly fit for settlement," and many a battle was fought between the

VIEW OF THE MANITOBA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE GROUNDS FROM THE RIVER

Canadian Pacific and the representative of the land company as to their interpretation in individual cases. That the stock of this land company is now quoted at 500 is sufficient proof of the quality of the lands thus selected for it by Mr. Bedford.

This, then, was the man to whom the superintendency of the new experimental farm at Brandon, comprising some 700 acres, was offered in 1887 without any seeking on his part, and certainly the men at Ottawa responsible for the manning of the farms were well advised and very fortunate when they secured two such men as Angus Mackay and Spencer A. Bedford to inaugurate this new and important work in the West. It was not until 1888 that Mr. Bedford obtained possession of the Brandon farm and for eighteen years following he carried on a fine work there, transforming it from an average piece of property to the

AT THE NEAREST EXPERIMENTAL FARM, THE NEW SETTLER LEARNS HOW TO TURN UNIFORM FURROWS

finest illustration in Manitoba of the agricultural and horticultural possibilities of the country.

During the last year of Mr. Bedford's superintendency he estimated that no fewer than eighteen thousand farmers and others visited the farm, and three thousand letters were dispatched, besides many hundreds of circulars. From these figures and the fact that the farm superintendents address from twelve to twenty gatherings each year, some idea of the amount of information disseminated annually from such stations may be obtained.

Before leaving the consideration of Mr. Bedford and his work at Brandon, it is fitting that mention should be made of the clerical labors of Mrs. Bedford, his wife, who, in addition to the cares of house and family, relieved him of much detail work in the recording of experiments. Those who have seen the records of those early years, before a paid assistant was allowed, state that the volume of the work was only equaled by the painstaking care of its execution.

The first arrangement of experimental farms planned was a central farm at Ottawa to serve Ontario and Quebec, one in the maritime provinces, one in Manitoba, one in the North West Territories, and one in British Columbia. Those in the east do not come within the scope of this article, so there remains to be discussed of those first established, the farm at Agassiz, British Columbia.

The superintendency of this farm was entrusted to Thomas A. Sharpe, another Manitoba pioneer, hailing from the Boissevain district, and a strong personal friend of (now) Senator Finlay M. Young. Work on this farm was not started until some time after the Indian Head and Brandon farms were in operation, and the chief line of experimental work followed has been that relating to fruit culture and the securing of varieties best suited to the climate of southern British Columbia. The topography of British Columbia does not lend itself so well to valuable experimental work as does that of the prairie provinces.

On the prairie there is a general similarity of land and conditions over large areas, making the results obtained at the experimental farm of general service to nearly all the farmers in that half of the province which contains the farm. Cultivation in British Columbia is largely confined to a number of valleys having wide differences of soil, climate, and conditions. This has certainly detracted somewhat from the value of the work carried on at the Agassiz station, although it has been of a high character and quite in keeping with the traditions of Canadian experimental work as a whole. No matter how carefully they might be conducted nor how successful they were, many of the experiments conducted in a valley such as that in which Agassiz lies—having a humid atmosphere and an altitude of only sea-level—could not be of material service to the growers of fruit on the bench lands of the Kootenay and Okanagan valleys, having a limited rainfall and an altitude of around two thousand feet above sea-level. Recognizing this, the Dominion government now purposes establishing at least two more stations in the fruit country of southern British Columbia, that work under similar conditions to those met with by most growers may be undertaken.

In these days the superintendency of experimental farms usually goes to men trained in the agricultural colleges, and it is very fitting that this should be so. Three such young men are now engaged in this work in the West. James Murray, B.S.A., who is building on the foundations so ably laid by Mr. Bedford at Brandon, is a Canadian born, raised and educated in Ontario. He is a quiet, unassuming, courteous man, whose speeches—when he can be induced to make them—are impressive in that they contain the maximum of information and the minimum of exhortation; he gives the facts and lets his hearers draw their own inferences.

He entered Guelph Agricultural College on the same day as did Principal Black of the Manitoba Agricultural College, and the two men, widely separated in age, temperament, and characteristics, meeting for the first time, strangers in a strange place,

decided to room together as an experiment. The plan worked well and they continued it through four years—perhaps the only case on record at Guelph of two students rooming together throughout the entire college career of both. During his college days, and when only seventeen years of age, James Murray was captain of the champion tug-of-war team of the college, so it may be inferred that he is an able young man in more directions than one. He has been a government official since the day he left college, being first with the Dominion government in the east engaged in seed testing work, and later in charge of the work of the seed branch in the entire west, which work involved the introduction of such new and now successful methods of spreading the gospel of good seed as grain field competitions, seed fairs, and the work of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association. While in this work Mr. Murray attracted the notice of the new Saskatchewan government, and in the spring of 1906 entered its service as superintendent of the newly formed Department of Fairs and Institutes. In the following spring he returned to his old love and re-entered the service of the Dominion government as superintendent of the Brandon farm. Thus Mr. Murray has been actively connected with the popularizing of scientific methods of seed selection and improvement among the farmers of the West, and is recognized as a very expert grain judge. The most important addition to the work of the Brandon farm made by Mr. Murray has been the starting of a series of experiments in fattening steers in the open air during the winter months, whereby it is hoped to prove conclusively that elaborate and expensive buildings are not at all essential or even necessary to profitable steer-feeding even with such winters as the West enjoys. The growing of fodder corn for ensilage and of alfalfa for stock feeding and the rebuilding of worn out soils are other lines which, as in the past, are also receiving much attention.

Soon after the old North-West Territories were divided and the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan formed, it was decided to establish experimental farms in Alberta. Not only is Alberta as a whole quite different in many respects from Saskatchewan, but central and southern Alberta are dissimilar in their climate; so it was necessary to establish two farms if the work done was to be of value to more than one section of the province.

That for the south was secured first and is located at Lethbridge, one of the most famous districts in the winter wheat country. W. H. Fairfield, who is in charge of this farm, is another of the younger men who bring to their work special training along various lines. Irrigation and "dry-farming" are his specialties, and he is versed in the science of producing bountiful crops on land receiving but a meagre rainfall. Hailing from Colorado, where he graduated with the degree of M.S. from the Fort Collins Agricultural college, Mr. Fairfield came to Lethbridge to superintend the demonstration farm of the Milk River Irrigation company. His work in this connection was of such a character that the Dominion government lost no time in securing his services when the experimental farm for southern Alberta was being opened up. The feature of the work at Lethbridge—in addition to the special nature of the experiments due to the climatic peculiarities of the country—is that everything is done in duplicate, one experiment being conducted on irrigated land and its counterpart on "dry-farmed" land. Of the four hundred acres comprising the farm, one hundred are irrigable and three hundred will be "dry-farmed." Interesting data as to the work of water in crop production will be available in a few years, as all the water used on the irrigated land and the quantity supplied to each crop is recorded by causing the water to flow over a weir equipped with a self-recording register. Elms, ash, Manitoba maple and cottonwood trees are plentifully set out, and a fine collection consisting of two hundred and eighty four varieties of ornamental trees and shrubs is under test, together with many varieties of apples and small fruits.

Lacombe, a point on the Calgary and Edmonton Railway, some seventy miles south of Edmonton, is the site of the experimental farm for central Alberta. The work being undertaken here has special features, such as ascertaining the suitability of the north country to the production of fall wheat, alfalfa, clover, large and small fruits. The work of the soil-packer in the conservation of soil moisture is also being exhaustively studied. From its inception in 1907 this work has been in the charge of G. H Hutton, B.S.A., another Ontario-bred Guelph graduate who first answered to the call of the West at that time. Mr. Hutton graduated in 1900, and spent the intervening years prior to his coming west in reorganizing the home farm, an occupation which is popularly supposed not to appeal to college graduates. Like the other Guelph graduates in the West, Mr. Hutton left his mark on the life of Guelph college—an institution, by the way, which has nine hundred students in agriculture. He was president of the College Y. M. C. A., and also the champion wrestler of the institution—two honors, we make bold to say, that are seldom vested in the one individual at one and the same time!

No sketch of the development of experimental work in agriculture in western Canada would be complete without mention of the man behind the gun. Since the beginning of the work at Ottawa in 1886, Dr. William Saunders, C M G., LL.D., has been the active head of agricultural experimental work in Canada, holding the position of Director of Experimental Farms for the Dominion. Every year Dr. Saunders comes west, inspects the farms, and lays plans with each superintendent for the further continuance of the work, and it is said that no detail, however apparently trivial, escapes his observant eye, while every proposed new departure on the part of a superintendent is first referred to him for ratification.

THE DAWN AT HER WINDOW

BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

HOW does the dawn find her window—blank to its light?
And must it steal through the shutters, subtle as night?
Wake her by beams of its brightening,
Moment by moment heightening,
Hastening on sleep's flight?

How does the dawn find her window—open to-day?
Bearing in burdens of perfume from dew-drenched hay—
Wake her by odors of flowering,
Pelting her with them, and showering
Till sleep shall drift away?

How breaks the dawn at her window—gray with the rain?
Dashing wild tears on the lattice—in vain, in vain!
It shall not wake her by sorrowing,
Nor may the dawn of the morrow bring
Aught that shall rouse her again.

The Tale of a Snake

by Irene Currie Love

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

WE'D been wondering what had become of the drummer. He was a week overdue from his coast trip and nobody had heard from him. We were all offering bets on what had happened this time—all except the head bookkeeper who sat tight, looked wise, and said nothing.

Suddenly the door opened with a biff, closed with a bang, and entered our fat friend, hat on the side of his head, hands in his pockets, and a beatific grin on his countenance. He stood for a moment, surveying us expansively. A little look ran round the office and no one said a word. The drummer, wise to the way of offices, walked over to his desk, banged it open noisily and began to whistle aggressively "Gee, I wish I had a Girl."

Suddenly he wheeled, "Say, what the devil is the matter with this outfit, anyway? Everyone got a grouch? Or are you trying to put up a job on me?"

No answer. Nothing but a wide, deep, expressive silence.

"My, but you're the gabby bunch. What? 'Fraid this might be mistaken for a noise factory if some one murmured a welcome to a traveller returned from a far land? Nice howdy for a man just in from a six week's trip. Oh, fine!"

Still no answer. The drummer muttered an inverted blessing, got up, put on his coat and started for the door, when the head bookkeeper drawled softly,

"Say, Fatty, who was she?"

The drummer paused, with an assumption of sublime innocence.

"She! Who?"

"The girl you met on the train, dunderhead. Cough. We're on, and you might as well get it out of your system."

The innocent one hesitated, and then said slowly:

"Fellows, I hate to tell you this. On the level, I do. Not because I was stung, though I was stung good and proper. But because she kind of put a crimp in my special hunch on the girl question. Lord knows I've been harpooned often enough before, but not by one like this.

"She blew into the train at Banff, and say, boys, she was all the candy. Talk about your peaches! Why, she had the whole orchard beat to a bunch of berries. All the lamps in the car were trimmed her way. She was a stunner, and I say it." He heaved a reminiscent sigh

"Oh, cut the slush and get down to cases," came the unfeeling command. "Tall or short, dark or fair?"

"What did she have on?" from the stenographer.

"She wasn't any skyscraper, nor one of these dumpy sawed-offs, either. Just that nice, cuddly height, the sort

you could pick up under one arm. Her hair and her eyes were brown, a soft warm brown that made you feel like somebody was tickling the soles of your feet. She was dressed all in brown, too, a sort of yellowy brown. What do you call the color that's half dark and half not? *You* know," to the stenographer.

"Tan," she responded.

"That's it. Tan. Thanks awfully. She had everything to match. Dress, stockings, long silk coat, hat, shoes, gloves. She was sure a joyous sight when the porter settled her in the section across from me, and I winked the other eye to myself, and pouter-pigeoned my chest and says inside of my head, 'Here's where the brave corralls the fair.'

"I should have coppered that guess. Nothing stirring at all, at all. Every time I flashed the glad eye she came back with one of those forty-below looks that send the cold shivers up and down your spine. Every man in the car took a hand, but nobody nudged by with it. Gleeful gloats on my side, since I was in wrong myself. But that didn't boost my own game, so it was me to sit pat.

"In spite of the frost in the air, I was Joseph to the fact that the lady was really playful, for she had one of those come hither looks, and a little twist to the corner of her mouth that meant allright."

He sighed.

A COME HITHER LOOK IN HER EYE

"I played my comealong all that day. Offered her magazines. She 'had plenty to read, thank you.' Asked her if she would like the window opened and she said with an empress of Russia in the ice-palace manner, 'There is a porter in the car, I believe.' After that I lay off until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when we were held up at a little crossroads station for an hour. Some accident on the line. Little Browneyes started down the road for a walk. Sez I to myself, sez I, 'This is where I do my fancy follow up. You *never* can tell.'

"So I trailed along in her wake. Suddenly she let out an awful yowl, picked up her skirts and beat it my way. Just as she got to me, she fell over in a faint. That was my cue to reach out and grab her and you can bet I was there with the grab allright, I sure have the nice, fat comfy arms, and when she came to, she was being cuddled to the king's taste.

"She sat up in a hurry and chattered, 'Oh, it was the s-nake, I'm s-sure it was a r-rattler and I was so sca-red.'

"I *knew* it must be a garter snake but I swelled up, and murmured in a soft, low-pedal voice, 'Cheer up, me pretty one. I am with thee. Nothing can harm thee now.' Believe me, I was having the time of my life. Browneyes clutched me like she thought I was a whole rescue home for fainting women and everything was lovely until all of a sudden the train whistle

blew and gee, but we did a Shimonese back to the car.

"The conductor was swearing fit to bring on an attack of clergyman's sore throat, and the porter grunted, 'Couldn't hold it a minute longer, sah. Just about to leave, sah." I slipped him a dollar and followed Browneyes into the car. I sure had the sensation of a lifetime on that walk down the aisle. Everyone rubbering for fair and all the other men looking sore as a big boy's stonebruise.

"I sat down beside her like I owned the road and a few branch lines, and started in to have the fine and dandy session I'd dreamed of earher in the day. Browneyes was there with talk enough to put a woman's rights convention on the skallyhoot. When dinner time came, of course I asked her to feed with me She said she'd be de-luted – if I'd let her pay for her own. I was nix on that, but she kept insisting until finally I grouched that if I couldn't eat with her any other way, I sposed I'd have to stand for it, when suddenly she gave a little squeal and clutched me, 'Oh, I've lost my pocket book with all my jewelry and all my money. It must have been when we ran for the train. What shall I do? What *shall* I do?'

"Now, what do you know about that? The heiress had lost her boodle-bag and all her mazoom. She was sure up against it, and you know my confiding disposition. I was there with the proposition that she could have all I'd got and then some. I staked her all the way to Winnipeg and she kept me guessing every minute of the way. By the time we got to this burg she had me so fussed I was ready to go right through to Montreal with her if she'd only say the word. She did—and I did, every minute getting more stuck on the lady, until she could have put her shoes in my trunk any old time she liked

"But she didn't like. She wouldn't even tell me her name, but said, 'When we get to Montreal, you'll know everything about me and you'll like me just as much then, won't you?' Like the big batty fatty I am, I purred, 'Sure I will, dearie."

WHERE I DO MY FANCY FOLLOW UP

"Dearie! Wait! O, mamma!

"We scarcely got into Montreal when a big, handsome brute grabbed my Brownie and nearly hugged her to death. I stood by, like a yap, until she came to and pretended to remember. Then she gushed, 'Oh, I want you to meet my husband· Jack deur, this gentleman has been *so* kind to me on the trip. Thank him for me, won't you?'

"'Jack dear' stretched out his mitt, asked me to call, and handed me some fancy talk about my kindness to wifie, when she sozzled, 'Oh, Jack dear, I want you to see about my trunks right away,' and flashing her *pocket-book*, handed him her checks.

"Say, can you beat that! And I

SHE THOUGHT I WAS A RESCUE HOME FOR FAINTING WOMEN

thought she was a lady' The nerve of her, too. Right in front of my eyes, after she'd sent me along for about a hundred dollars. I just walked up to her and hissed, in one of those tragic voices you know when the hero scorns the adventuress and says, 'Fair but fall sus' I did it, jest like that I hissed 'Madam when one has been cherishing a beehive in one's buzzum

A BIG BRUTE GRABBED MY BROWNIE AND NEARLY HUGGED HER TO DEATH

one is glad to know it, to pluck the mote from one's eye and to cast it from one,' and turning from her majestic-like, I stalked down the platform to find out when I could get the next train home.

"A talking snake and a ripe apple sent Adam on the farm so it isn't any wonder that a snake and a peach bowled me over. Gee, but I'd hate to be married to a woman who'd take money from another man. I kept offering up little paeans of joy all the way home that 'Jack dear' saw her first. When she can sting an old-timer like me, she's a good one allright. But then, nobody loves a fat man, anyway. What will you have to drink? Come. I'll buy."

MY LIFE'S LOVE

W. H. DAVIES

HOW I do love to sit and dream
Of that great passion, when I meet
That lady I will love for life:
The very thought makes my soul beat
Its wings, as though it saw that light
Silver the rims of my black night.

I see her bring that crimson mouth
To open at a kiss, and close
Again; she brings her two fair cheeks
That I may paint on each a rose;
I see her hands, like birds so white,
Fly into mine and hide from sight.

In dreams I hear her soft, sweet voice;
My eager soul, to catch her words,
Waits at the ear, with Noah's haste
To take God's message-bearing birds.
What passion she will in me move—
That lady I for life will love!

THE LOVE DANCE

BY ARTHUR HEMING

Author of "Spirit Lake"

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

PERCHED high among the upper branches of a pine, young At-tick was relieving the monotony of his drumming by occasionally chanting a love-song. At the foot of the thickly wooded hillside upon which the pine stood, the swift waters of Lonely River hurried by to lose themselves in Spirit Lake. On the bank near the river mouth was pitched Standing Wolf's camp of two lodges; but the family seemed to be absent, for the dogs were mounting guard.

Again the boy beat his drum; louder and louder he sang his love-song, until his soft, rich voice broke into a wail. Presently the door-skin of the smaller lodge was gently pushed aside, and Mi-na-ce stepped indolently forth.

It was springtime. A soft breeze from the south sighed among the tree-tops; and, though patches of snow still lingered on the shady hillside, here and there the forest carpet was flecked with splashes of golden sunlight. Tender grasses were thrusting their tiny blades from under last year's leaves, and the buds were already bursting; for spring travels fast in the Northland.

Shading her eyes with her hand, the girl gazed at the hillside, but failed to discern her lover in the tree-top. She listened awhile and then, upon hearing once more the love-song above the beating of the drum, yielded to the dictates of her heart and began to climb the hill. At-tick saw her coming, ceased his drumming, and slid down to hide behind the tree trunk.

A faintly marked woodland path led close by, and along it Mi-na-ce was advancing. As she came abreast of the tree, the boy, in fun, gave a shout, and the maid—pretending bashful alarm—took to flight.

Though fleet of foot, she suffered him to overtake her soon, to catch her by the arm, to hold her while she feigned to struggle desperately for freedom. That won, she turned away with a laugh, sat down upon a bank of wild flowers and, with shyly averted face, began plucking them. A moment later she bounded to her feet, startled by a distant sound of some one drumming.

"At-tick, what is that?" she asked eagerly. Could it be that another lover was seeking to attract her attention? At-tick divined her thought, and jealousy kept him from enlightening her.

Again the air throbbed with the sound.

"Let us go and see who it is. You'll come, won't you?" she coaxed.

With feigned reluctance At-tick consented and led the way.

As they penetrated into the wood, they heard the sound more distinctly. The source of it suddenly dawned upon Mi-na-ce, and she exclaimed with delight:

"It's the love-dance! Come! let us hurry!"

On they sped, picking their way in and out among the trees and undergrowth, and tip-toeing here and there, lest their moccasined feet should break a fallen twig and alarm the dancers. As the drumming sound increased in volume, their caution became greater. Soon they deemed it prudent to go down upon their hands and knees, and thus be more surely screened by the underbrush as they stealthily approached. Creeping on toward the sound slowly and with infinite precaution, they discovered that they were not the only ones going to the dance; for the whirr-

ing of wings frequently rustled overhead as ruffed grouse skimmed past them in rapid flight. Once Mi-na-ce felt the wind from a hawk's wing, as it swooped low from bush to bush, as though endeavoring to arrive unheralded. Twice the girl's sharp eyes caught sight of a fox silently and craftily stealing along. Once she saw a lynx —a soft, gray shadow—slinking through the underbrush ahead. It seemed as if all the forest dwellers were going to the love-dance too, and she began to feel afraid. But she was devoured with curiosity; and, besides, was not At-tick with her? Why need she fear?

When she came to the foot of a ridge, the drumming sounded very near. With utmost wariness they crawled from bush to bush, pausing every now and then, and crouching low. Then, judging the way still clear, on again they went, and finally gained the top of the ridge. With thumping hearts they rested a moment in a crouching posture, for they had at last arrived upon the scene. Slowly and breathlessly raising their heads, they peered through the leafy screen and beheld the love-dance in full swing.

On a clear, sandy opening in the wood twenty or thirty partridge hens (ruffed grouse) were dancing in a semicircle, in the centre of which, perched upon a rotten log, a beautiful cock-partridge drummed. He was standing with his small head thrust forward upon a finely arched neck which was circled by a handsome, outstanding black ruff fully as wide as his body. His extended wings grazed his perch, while his superb tail was spread out horizontally.

"Chun—chun—chun—chun-chunn" slowly at first, but with steadily increasing rapidity. His bill was open; his bright eyes were gleaming; his wings were beating at such a rate that the forest resounded with the prolonged roll of his drumming. Again and again he shrilled his love-call, and again and again he beat his wondrous accompaniment. Every little while the whirring of swiftly moving wings was heard overhead as other hens flew down to join in the love-dance. To and fro strutted the cock bird in all his pride of beauty—his wings trailing upon the log, his neck arched more haughtily than ever, his ruff rising above his head, and his beautiful fan-like tail extending higher still.

Meanwhile the hens, too, were strutting up and down, and in and out among their rivals; some, with wings brushing upon the ground; others, with a single wing spread out, against which they frequently kicked the nearest foot as they circled round each other. A continuous hissing was kept up, along with a shaking of heads from side to side, a ceremonious bowing, and a striking of bills upon the ground. But—though the cock was doing his best to dazzle them with the display of his charms—the hens appeared unconscious of his presence and indifferent to his advances.

At-tick and Mi-na-ce were gazing in silent admiration at the scene before them when—without the slightest warning, and as though dropped from the sky—another cock landed in the midst of the dancers. Immediately the cock of the dance rushed at the intruder and fiercely attacked him.

The newcomer was ready. Bills and wings clashed together. In a moment feathers were flying and blood was running. But the hens never paused in their love-dance. Again and again the feathered gladiators dashed at each other, only to drop apart. Then, facing each other with drooping wings, ruffled plumes, extended necks, lowered heads, and gaping bills, they would gasp for breath. A moment later they would spring into the air and strike viciously at each other with bill and wing, then separate again. The sand was soon strewn with feathers and sprinkled with blood; yet the belligerents kept renewing the deadly conflict. Unconcernedly, all the while, the stupid hens tripped to and fro in the evolutions of their love-dance.

Already the intruder's scalp was torn; the left wing of the cock of the dance was broken; and both were bleeding copiously. Evidently the combat must soon come to an end. At the next rush the intruder knocked the cock of the dance down, and, leaping

upon him, drove his bill into his skull, killing him.

After a brief rest to recover breath, the victor jumped over his late rival's body, took a short leap into the air, gave a back kick of contempt, flew up upon the log, and looked around as though seeking for female applause. But the hens, with apparently never a thought of him, still kept up their dancing. Presently he too sounded his love-call and drummed his accompaniment. Then, strutting up and down, he inspected the dancers. When he had made up his mind as to which was the belle of the ball, he made a rush for her.

At that very moment a lynx sprang through the air, seized him by the neck, and bounded off with him among the bushes just as the report of a gun was heard. Turning in the direction of the sound, At-tick and Mi-na-ce saw Standing Wolf step out from among the trees.

"My son, how dare you bring my daughter here?" demanded the angry hunter, addressing his adopted son. "Don't you know," he continued gravely, "that now an evil fate will surely mark you for this folly?"

He turned to examine the dead lynx and cried,—

"Be off, the both of you, lest ill luck pull you down before you reach home!"

Without waiting for another word, the young culprits dashed away helter-skelter through the woods until they had left their father well in the rear. Then they slowed down to a walk. At-tick was burdened with superstitious fears, and Mi-na-ce was crying by his side. With tenderness At-tick strove to comfort his companion; for he was deeply in love with her. True, he was only sixteen and she was a child of barely twelve, but their ages mattered little; for the people of the Strong Woods marry young.

All winter At-tick had urged his suit. The grandmother had favored it; in every way she had shown him that she wanted him to marry her granddaughter. But, like the hens in the love-dance, Mi-na-ce had always pretended utter indifference to him and his attentions; nay, before her grandmother she had sometimes spurned the boy. But now she was weeping for fear of the unknown evil that was about to befall her lover through her fault. At-tick, however, did not venture to imagine that her tears were falling for him.

That night, when she and her grandmother had lain down to sleep under the hare-skin robe, she began to cry again, and, as the old woman petted her, confided to her sympathetic ear the tale of the day's adventure and the thoughts that troubled her.

"My child," said the grandmother, "there is but one way to offset the evil that will surely overtake At-tick, and that is for you to consent to sit upon the brush with him" (marry him).

On learning of a means to save her lover, the spirits of Mi-na ce revived, and she asked why the partridges danced that way.

"My child, once in the great long-ago even before it was the custom of our people to marry, there lived an old chief who used oftentimes to go away alone into the woods and mount upon a high rock and sing his love-song and beat his drum. Since he was much in favor, many women would come and listen to his song; also, they would dance before him.

"Now, it came to pass on a certain day that a young chief of another tribe happened by chance upon that way. Hearing the drumming, he resolved to find out what it was about. Deep into the heart of the wood he followed the sound and came upon an open glade wherein were many women dancing before a huge boulder. Wondering with great admiration, the young chief gazed upon their graceful movements and comely figures, and determined to rush in and capture the most beautiful of them. Turning thought into act, he bounded in among the dancers and, to his amazement, discovered the old chief, who, at sight of him, dropped his drum, grasped his war club, and, leaping down from his rocky eminence, rushed upon the young interloper in a frenzy of jealous fury. The women made no outcry; for, like the female moose or caribou, they used to love only the victor

So, to the accompaniment of the men's hard breathing and the clashing of their war clubs, they went unconcernedly on with their love-dance. In the end the young chief slew the older one, and departed in triumph with the women. But when the Master of Life learned what had happened, he was exceeding wroth, insomuch that he turned the young chief and the women into partridges. That is why the partridges dance the love-dance even to this day."

In the morning Standing Wolf sent At-tick on the round of one of his fur-paths to examine the traps and to bring home whatever they might contain. As the boy left the lodge, dawn was breaking in the eastern sky, though the shadows of night still lingered in the dark aisles of the forest. Picking up the small hunting canoe, he carried it down to the bank, launched it, and kneeling in the fragile craft, paddled down Lonely River and out upon Spirit Lake. Not a ripple was astir. The trees upon the shore stood reflected topsy-turvey in the still waters.

But before the boy had paddled half-way across, the lake became veiled in a thin film of vapor that rose from its surface. Away toward the western shore he saw misty figures dancing above the water. A gentle breeze began to blow from the south-west and waft the ghostly dancers toward him. They hurried along as though eager to overtake him, and others rose from the depths and joined him. The numbers grew until the whole lake seemed covered with dismaying multitudes, and presently he was completely encircled by a misty screen. Shipping his paddle, he rested awhile. It was useless to continue on now; for the wind had shifted and he had lost his bearings. In half-an-hour's time, however, the sun peeped over the eastern trees; the mist began to disperse as rapidly as it had risen, and soon the lake was once more clear. Cheerily At-tick plied his paddle again. Skirting the eastern beach, he went ashore here and there to examine the traps that lay hidden in the forest. Others he was able to inspect without disembarking. Then he paddled up Snake River, and continued his work until about noon, when he went ashore to visit a deadfall set for black bear. On nearing the trap he ascertained from the signs among the dry leaves that a bear had been there the night before. On further examination he saw that the bait had been disturbed, and that the syrup which Standing Wolf had rubbed on the deadfall had been licked off.

Tired and hungry, he decided to eat his lunch before re-setting the trap. So he filled his copper tea-pail with water from the river, and hung it over the fire which he had just kindled. While waiting for the water to boil, he changed his mind, and determined to re-bait the deadfall before breaking his fast. Instead of removing the uprights at the back of the deadfall and entering from behind, as is the usual way, he lazily took advantage of the opening in front and crept in on his hands and knees. He adjusted the bait and was backing carefully out when, just as he was almost clear of the opening, the bait-stick slipped and the heavy timber, weighted with logs and stones, came down upon his left arm with crushing force, pinning him to the sill-log, and holding him there with the grip of a mighty vise. The pain was almost unbearable, but the thought of his predicament was even harder to bear; for he was held a prisoner without prospect of escape. He lay there on the point of swooning with pain, faint with hunger and parched with thirst; while just beyond his reach, to tantalize him, the water was boiling away and the caribou steak was shriveling to a crisp.

Remembering his hunting knife, he felt at his back and found it in its sheath. Hope sprang aflame in his breast; for now he could cut his way to freedom. Determinedly he set about the almost impossible task, and with the keen-edged blade began whittling at the big, dry log. At first he made fair progress, but his cramped position handicapped him seriously; for he could cut only from one angle, and so had to do much more work than would otherwise have been necessary. He

had been hacking scarcely half an hour before he found himself compelled to stop and rest. While resting, he happened to glance around and was horrified to see that the fire was spreading. In a few minutes it must reach the deadfall, set fire to its dry timbers and roast him alive. In desperation he swung his legs about, scratched the ground with his moccasined feet, and managed to scrape the leaves aside and roughen the earth to such an extent that when the fire reached the spot, it divided, passed on either side of him, and died down without doing any harm.

Again At-tick resumed his task, and again pain and fatigue compelled him to stop. So the afternoon dragged through. Dusk came on and he was laboring still, but his hand was terribly blistered, and exhaustion was overtaking him. He rested again while he watched the hares taking their evening frolic. He was listening all the while, keenly alert for the slightest sound of approaching succor. But upon reflection he would not be missed, at least until the following night. So he had little hope of being rescued in time.

Once more he set to work shaving and hacking at the dry, bone-like log that held him fast and kept him tortured. But now he made so little progress that his efforts seemed almost thrown away.

Night settled down at last and he ceased his exertions, wondering what would befall him before the daylight came. The chill air searched him through and through. His clothes became damp with the falling dew, and he shivered as he lay. About ten o'clock the full moon rose. Its long slanting rays, peering through the bare branches, cast here and there patches of silver light upon the forest's carpet of dead leaves. At every sound he strained his eyes to look, lest something dreadful should appear. Though he strove to keep awake, drowsiness came upon him, and by midnight slumber for a time gave him a happy release.

But it was not for long. While he slept, the bear that had visited the deadfall the night before, arrived in search of more syrup and coming suddenly upon the motionless figure lying across its path, with a snort of surprise rose upon its haunches. At-tick, awakened by the sound, gave a scream, but the animal did not run away. In a frenzy of fear he screamed again and again, and the bear, as though he liked the sound, cocked his head to one side to listen as he watched the boy. Louder and louder At-tick yelled in the hope that the noise would drive the bear away, but Bruin simply squatted down, as though determined to sit the concert out, while At-tick was afraid to stop shouting, lest the bear should attack him. For hours he screamed and shouted, and it seemed to him as if daylight would never come. At last the dawn appeared, and with its coming the bear took his departure.

During the greater part of the morning At-tick toiled, but with diminishing strength and with insignificant results. His thirst was grown excruciating. To quench it, if possible, he dug into the soil in hope of finding at least a handful of earth that contained some moisture; but he could find none. He spent the day sometimes working, sometimes crying, sometimes dozing, sometimes raving. The loneliness was appalling. When a mink or a fisher or any living thing came near, he would talk to it and coax it to stay and keep him company. At times he would talk to Mi-na-ce as though she were present. During the afternoon a wolverine crept into sight and stared at him, but he was not afraid; fear had left him now. He seemed no longer to care for freedom; for he had ceased his efforts at escape. Every moment he was expecting to hear the approaching footsteps of Standing Wolf or The Martin; but they did not come. He shouted, but no one answered.

Again dusk came through the woods; once more the hares played about until the on-coming night hid them, and the rising moon brought them into view again. The black bear, too, arrived; but this time the boy did not scream. He talked to it in a kindly way and entreated it to stay with him because he was so lonely. When he was tired of talking to it, he sang bits of hymns

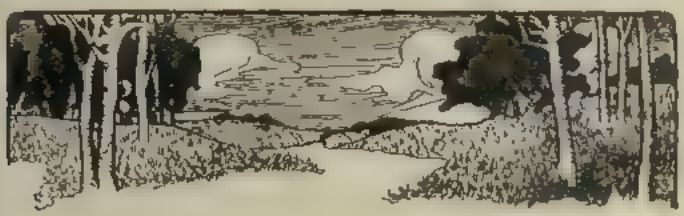
and recited scraps of prayers; and the bear remained with him until nearly dawn. Soon after sunrise he became unconscious.

About noon there was a slight grating sound upon the river bank. A moment later Standing Wolf came from between the trees. As he rounded the deadfall, he stopped suddenly and gazed in horror at the sight before him. Then he sprang forward, heaved aside the stones and logs that weighted down the drop timber, released the boy's arm, and stooped down to feel his heart. It was still beating. His eye fell upon the chips and fragments of wood and bark, and he saw that the boy had almost succeeded in cutting his way to freedom; another half hour's labor would have sufficed. Picking up the limp form of the lad, Standing Wolf carried him to the river bank, and, after cutting away the middle thwarts and tilting the canoe on edge, rolled At-tick into it.

Upon Standing Wolf's arrival at camp with his sad burden, the women were greatly alarmed. Poor Mi-na-ce was convulsed with sobs at the sight of her lover still lying unconscious. When Ko-ko-hay, her mother, severely told her that it was all her fault, and that At-tick would probably die, the tender little maid felt as if her heart would break with sorrow and remorse. The boy was carefully wrapped in warm blankets and fed some broth; and then Noo-koom, the grandmother, set about dressing his wounded arm, and bathing it with the liquor of boiled juniper brush.

Next day, while the others were away at their work, Mi-na-ce watched over the boy, who was still delirious and, as she sat beside his bed, moaned aloud:

"Oh, At-tick, it is all my fault, I know; but perhaps it is not too late yet; so, if you will only live, I will promise to sit upon the brush with you."



THE OLD QUARREL

BY S. E. KISER

I CAUGHT her gloved hand and I held it;
"Forgive me," I cried, "you were right,
And I was a coward for saying
The things I said to you that night!"
She thought for a moment and asked me,
Half under her breath, half aloud:
"What was it you said? I've forgotten"—
And then we strolled back to the crowd.

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of the "Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED

"Take the English farmer and the English farmer's sons; take the thrifty and industrious from the smaller towns; take the ablebodied and the courageous from the crowded cities. Segregate them on Canadian farms. You will give England what she most needs—more room; and you will give Canada good citizens." The foregoing is a conclusion of an official long connected with this colonization work. As it stands, will it serve as our answer? No. It has the old demerit of vagueness, the old failure in comprehensiveness, the old lack of definite plan worked out in actual specifications.

But, for the time, admit it as it stands. Go back to the words of the Minister of the Interior for that other abstraction, that the real function of government is *to do the most good for the world.* Then, if you please—since visualization is good as against vague discussion—let us paint for ourselves a little picture in western Canada.

There is a vast fertile tract of land, not entirely owned under any one fee. Over it are scattered many farms, built up by men who have learned the secret of wheat farming, men bred for the frontier. Around these smaller holdings are others, scattered, owned by some large philanthropist who has tired of dipping at the sink hole back in London, who has tired of settlement work and the bread line; who has learned the folly of trying to solve the city's problem so long as city folk crowd in, continually polluting the flood of that humanity which never was meant to flow always between even the most glorious city walls; who has wearied of the mockery of salving over his conscience.

This philanthropist, let us say, has taken with him into his work—a labor large enough for any Croesus with a conscience—others who have made so much money that at last there has come to them the thought that perhaps this money was not theirs after all; that what they thought belonged to them as individuals, *belonged instead to the world.* These decide now to consecrate a part of this money to the poor. They consecrate it as well to the cause of intelligence—not to Socialism, mind you, but to the very opposite of Socialism; to the cause of that individualism under whose ways they themselves won fortune.

For the sake of the greatest and most splendid game that can be played on earth, they consecrate a part of this money to the cause of *evolution*, the cause of *individualism*, to the labor of *providing opportunity* to the most valuable of all created things, the human being—the human being which has not yet had environment.

Since in the new days of the world—times having changed—opportunity has not been possible for these, they now resolve to make it possible; and that thing they do. They work with the aid and interest of the government. They work under government plan; with their own, they spend government money also.

These hard-headed idealists take these poor of the Old World or of the New, pass them through a grave and kind inspection on the gathering ground, that of a board elected by the best non-political thought of the nation. They transplant these poor, let us say, across seas into Canada. How? Thrown down like waste seed, that the thorns and thistles may spring up and choke

them? No, that is not intelligence, that is not business, that is not commonsense. That is only to employ the method of to-day, a day which soon will pass.

No, they take these poor to the ordered and appointed fields; they place them along the trellises of the strong, at the side of men who have gained opportunity by another route.

Government is back of this work, supervises it, controls it, owns part of this land. Government supports yonder great buildings of the Central Farms, where instruction may be had *not at the cost of self-respect*—a paternal enterprise not dreamed and not needed in times when men could work out their own problems; but needed now, because all this world has so swiftly changed, and *because the old ways will no longer do.*

Once government needed not be so paternal, but now it must be. Some such evolutionary plan as this must be devised, else we must see that black Satyr grown more immense;—or see arise in the streets of our city again that other and worse monster, the red spectre of the guillotine—when humanity again shall rebel and make the city streets run red.

Those are your alternatives. That is your answer. It is the answer of a *prepared environment. There is no other which can possibly leave Canada true to her mission of doing good for all the world.*

Several different students have arrived by other paths at this general idea of great central training stations, conducted by the Dominion government, and financed by that of England, where new-comers may remain on a semi-self-supporting basis for a year or more while learning the methods of western farming. In most parts of the country their conclusions have been laughed at as absurdities. The imagination of their critics has been staggered at the figures of cost, which really are enormous.

If we could remove from the reckoning this last element, that of cost, and show that the whole of even so large an enterprise could be made to pay for itself, would we *then* be acquitted of the charge of chimerical interference and rattle-brained enthusiasm? Certainly of that charge we must be acquitted; for we have been free enough with the accusation that others have been over-enthusiastic and chimerical. But if we *can* reconcile the old war between head and heart, shall we stand acquitted? Shall we stand accredited with clean intention, and with a dream at least not unworthy a business man's regard? Yet all this is not impossible.

It is not *impossible*, but *easy!* This work has not been done in Canada, but it is only because we have not *done* it.

The Dominion government and Dominion corporations spend twenty-five millions of dollars at enlarging the colonial domain by irrigation. Why? To give the land to "Yankees?" The United States government is doing much more in reclamation enterprise in its own West. Why? It purposes to give the land to practical farmers. Put these two facts together, and do a brief bit of logic for yourself. The charitable societies of England have spent hundreds of thousands of pounds in senseless aid to emigration. Why?

Suppose the British government, *plus* Canada, *plus* charity, *plus* private wealth with a conscience, *plus* the ancient dream that all men are indeed free and equal—should spend twenty-five millions of dollars, plus some hundreds of thousands of pounds, in *planting men and women* in the trellised fields. Suppose the Dominion in time, instead of loose-handed homesteading, established a sub-plan of homesteading, and reserved some numbers of forty-acre tracts, to be sold to new-come Englishmen on easy payments, after they had been trained to farm. What would happen then? Why should it *not* happen as much for a government as for a private enterprise?

Each spade that goes into the dirt, each furrow turned by a plow, adds definite value to every other acre near and far over a vast region around it. There comes your unearned increment, *which floats all private real estate enterprises.* The larger the work, the larger the increment. Why should it not come to a business government as much as to a business man? Why can-

not philanthropy see that you can only help a man when you help him to help himself?

If you say this cannot be, you have your right to that; but with equal right you at the same time say that to-day is yesterday; and that to-morrow also will be yesterday. Do you say that?

The human spark of hope and ambition is not dead in our new-comer. Let us go back to our settler. Let us see him laboring intelligently, with that increased determination which comes out of the soil of a new country. Now he begins to "get ahead," as the phrase goes. He and his family eat; eat all they want; but the State does not pay for their meal. Why cannot he, as well as John Johnson from Sweden, or John Smith from the States, in time pay for his *own* land; if not so soon as they, at least in *proportion with his increment*.

He *does* pay for it, in two or three, or five, or a dozen years; and he pays to a heard-headed philanthropy five per cent. to carry it as well. Our government-millionaire charitable enterprise has financed itself, after all! It has cost nothing but one large resolution. It has needed nothing but one practical administration in detail.

But where was the greatest profit? Was it that little five per cent. in money? Ah, no. It was *usury* that Canada earned, that England took,—vast, splendid, happy usury that the *world* took, when it realized that the world's conditions change from century to century, but that the *world's intent*—the *progress of humanity*—does not change at all! To do good for the *world*—that is the ambition of governments and the intention of the centuries.

Suppose this wholly visionary and absurd thing,—which is wholly visionary and absurd because it has never been done before--and since what England has not been doing can never, to the English mind, be done at all—were mismanaged as badly as the late emigration work of the charitable societies has been mismanaged; suppose it did not pay five per cent.; that its income did not equal its outgo; suppose it sunk five million pounds a year—half as much as mismanaged charity sinks; suppose it sunk thirty millions of pounds each year—*as much as charity to the unemployed costs England annually now;*—still it would pay vast usury of profit.

Suppose it emigrated wisely only a thousand men each year, instead of a hundred thousand unwisely. A thousand men rotting in London—what do they produce? A thousand men transported to rot again in Canada—what do they produce? They produce pestilence, menace to human life and progress. They produce national decadence. But, a thousand men capitalized for one year in *opportunity*,—fed intelligently which is to say, *fed by their own hands*,—what do that thousand men produce? If they only made half their daily bread, they have left chance back in England for another thousand men; and they have purified the pestilential stream of some English city by a thousand units of apathy and crime, despair and vice.

The author knows a group of capitalists who are planting pine trees. Why? They are doing it for their grandchildren. Shall a nation be less wise and less far-seeing than a business man? The next generation—ah, there lies your usury, vast, beautiful, magnificent, splendid usury,—usury to leave an Empire rich.

To be continued

MRS. DEACON MRS. F. C. PERRY MRS. W. S. BEAVER

THE WOMEN OF THE TWIN CITIES

BY M. A. SLIPPER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

NESTLING upon the edge of Superior's robe of mighty waters in the midst of scenery that is picturesque beyond compare, are the "Twins of Thunder Bay."

Fifty years ago the song of the voyageur resounded from the rocky shores as he guided his canoe towards the mouth of the Kaministiquia river. Thirty-seven years ago Sanford Fleming, of Ottawa, landed upon the shores of Thunder Bay and with his party began an overland survey of the country beyond.

Fort William claims a history extending far back into the dim past, when the Hudson's Bay Company made this point their chief place of trade and barter with the redmen.

Port Arthur is proud of the fact that she received her name from the lips of the great Wolsey, while Fort William is none the less proud of her historic name and its connection with stirring events.

Trace into the past as far as we can, we are always to find the presence of women. When the Hudson's Bay Company held undisputed sway upon these shores, there were white women here, the brave wives and daughters of the men who "held the fort" for the Company.

Geographically, the position of the

MRS. W. STEVENSON MRS. WITHROW MRS. C. W. JARVIS

MRS. M. P. DEAN

Twin Cities makes them the social centre for east and west. Here boat meets rail, and it is the natural resting place, a break in the long journey from ocean to ocean.

The women of the Twin Cities have often been called upon to entertain distinguished and renowned visitors as they passed through the "Silver Gate," and the manner of this entertainment has justly earned for our women the reputation of hospitality.

Just here, where the east touches the westland and the border of the American Republic is so very near, there are to be found the traits of all, and the newcomer quickly notes the fact that more than half the people he meets are strangers like himself. The old resident is very easily discerned by the warm welcome and cordial hand-clasp. The Twin Cities have not as yet outgrown their interest in the stranger. As most of the natives are in the prime of life and taking active part in the upbuilding of the city, this wholesome sociability is very noticeable to those who have come from larger and more settled portions of the world.

Society as it is known east, west and south, does not as yet exist here. The principal reason is that the people are all too busy preparing the foundations for the future. Churches, libraries, hospitals and other things have to be erected and placed in running order, and who is to do all this if not the women?

So busy are our women that they have no time to study the scheme of a social standard, and certainly there seems to be no inclination as yet to put up the lines that usually divide the social world into so many *cliques*.

But our women believe in plenty of play as well as work, so there is the usual round of teas, bridge parties, dinners and luncheons, balls, dances and so forth, one may expect to find in places of the size and the commercial importance of the Twin Cities.

As nearly every church here is either building a new home, or installing an up-to-date organ, the women are all interested in providing the funds to meet the demands. When they entertain they do not forget their indebtedness to charity, and we have every week a tea, or something of that nature in aid of these many calls. All winter

MRS. W. J RAPSEY

long our women enjoy themselves in outdoor sports, snowshoeing and skating being the most popular. Because of the good spirit that rules among all classes, we manage to get, perhaps, more real amusement to the square inch than any other women on the face of the globe.

The oldest families are, of course, to be found in Fort William. Along the banks of the beautiful Kaministiquia river these first comers built their homes, and until a year ago three of these historic houses had been left unmolested by the march of a progressive civilization. The first to be removed was the big, square, cottage-roofed home of "Governor" McIntyre, as he was affectionately called. Miss McIntyre is the only daughter now living in Fort William, and she takes an active interest in the city she has grown up with. Miss McIntyre has the distinction of being the first white child born in Fort William.

Still resting among its tall clustering trees and surrounded by smooth lawns and flower gardens is the McKellar Home, the oldest residence in Fort William. This is one of the landmarks we will all regret to see removed,

MRS BOREHAM

MRS SCOTT

but there is no doubt that it, too, will soon pass away. The McKellar home is famous for its hospitality. No gathering is ever considered complete in Fort William without the presence of some member of the McKellar family who are generally beloved, and to whose loyalty and enterprise much of the advancement of the city is justly due. Miss McKellar and Mrs. Deacon are the hostesses of this home, and many delightful social events have taken place under its hospitable roof.

Mrs. F. C Perry is a daughter of the McKellar family, and she is the most prominent philanthropic worker in the city. President of the local Council of Women of West Algoma, she has done a great deal to advance the cause of womanhood in the Twin Cities. As one of the organizers and the leader in the Relief Society, Mrs. Perry is doing a great and splendid work along charitable lines. As a hostess, Mrs. Perry is very popular, and entertains a great deal.

Mrs McLaren is another daughter of the McKellar home who is deeply interested in all that pertains to the life of the city. Mrs. Peter McKellar came to the city a short time ago as a bride,

MRS T S T. SMELLIE MRS. BYERS MRS. P. W. YOUNG

but her winsome personality has quickly won for her a host of friends, and in her new home many smart entertainments have been given. Mrs. McKellar is greatly interested in the newly organized Historical Society.

Another well known home on the river banks, that will soon give place to the railway's needs, is that of Mr. G. A. Graham. Mrs. Graham came from the far west to live in Fort William. This lady, who is a leader in Fort William's social life, is a daughter of Mr. B. Ross, who had charge of a Hudson's Bay Company trading post on the Great Slave Lake, and Mrs. Graham is perhaps the only lady in the Twin Cities who can claim a birth place so far north.

Mrs. T. S. T. Smellie, the charming wife of Dr. Smellie, M.P. for Fort William, and her bright daughters make up one of the best known and most popular families of the two towns. Mrs. Smellie is prominent in all philanthropic movements and is the heart of all the social gatherings of the city.

The pioneer doctor, Dr. Hamilton, brought his young bride to Fort William when it was a village. Mrs. Hamilton immediately identified herself with the place and has never lost interest in its progress. It was at this handsome home that Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were entertained during their last visit here.

In thinking of the early days of

MRS. R. S. RUTLEDGE MRS JAMES MURPHY MRS. T. W. RUTLEDGE

A GROUP OF PORT ARTHUR GIRLS

In the musical circles of Fort William, the names of Mrs. W. J. Rapsey, Mrs. Boreham and Mrs. Wayland rank as leaders, for in all things that pertain to the art, these talented ladies are authorities. Mrs. Barry is one of the pioneer musicians, and she takes a deep interest in matters musical. Mrs. Barry is a composer, having published several successful pieces.

Fort William one must remember the name of Livingstone, for it also is identified with those historic beginnings. The only remaining members of the family now are the three Miss Livingstones. In the musical circles of the city these young ladies are prominent and their talent is ever at the disposal of the city's charitable entertainments

Mrs. Allan McDougall is another popular hostess, and her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Dean, is one of the attractive young matrons. There is a great deal of musical talent in the city, and during the winter months several amateur opera companies have successfully staged comic operas. A unique entertainment given annually for the benefit of the hospital, is that of the "lady minstrels." The originator of this merry troupe was Mrs. F. E. Trautman, but Mrs. Stevenson became the first president and carried out the idea cleverly. Mrs. Trautman is one of the many Americans who have made a home in the West and is a well known and popular hostess, while Mrs. Stevenson is an ideal entertainer and very popular among the younger set.

The leading soloist is Mrs. McNaughton, whose lovely voice is greatly admired.

Coming to the Twin Cities as a very little girl, and growing into sweet, lovely womanhood, Mrs. C. W. Jarvis, is perhaps one of the most popular of all our women. Her girlhood was spent in Port Arthur, but soon after her marriage she removed

MRS SWINBURNE

to Fort William. Mrs. Jarvis is always spoken of as one of the most tactful and best loved women in the city. A leader in all that makes for municipal improvement, a lover of outdoor sports, and prominent in social doings, Mrs. Jarvis is always busy doing good.

MRS. BARRY

Mrs. G W. Brown is another prominent Fort William woman who spent her early married life in the sister city In making a permanent home in Fort William, it was planned upon a large scale, and is considered one of our ideal homes for entertainment. Mrs Brown is assisted in her social duties by her daughter who is very popular among the younger set.

One cannot overlook the great ranks of church workers when considering the women of the Twin Cities. Mrs Comer is very much interested in all philanthropic endeavor, as is also Mrs. L. L. Pelletier, the popular wife of the present mayor. Mrs Murphy, the gentle lady of the ex-mayor, is interested in hospital work, and the philanthropic women of the city have been fortunate in having the "first ladies" of the cities as friends at court, in sympathy with them in all movements connected with church and charity.

A three mile strip of "muskeg" broken by two pretty little rivers, is the only outward sign of the separation of the Twin Cities. This barren strip of land is banded by the rails of the street railway, over which the cars pass every fifteen minutes.

Port Arthur sits like a queen upon her terraced throne, facing the sparkling waters of Thunder Bay. As a residential city, it is unsurpassed, and the natural terraces upon which the city is built, are being rapidly secured by those who desire fine grounds and a splendid outlook for their homes.

Port Arthur's chief memory begins with the building of the overland route to Winnipeg, and this Dawson road began at the foot of Arthur street, from the edge of the Bay, and continue up over the hills into the forest. To day it is known as Dawson Avenue, and for the first four miles it is one of the prettiest driveways one can imagine. As the seat of government for the district, Port Arthur is perhaps more inclined to society doings, than is Fort William.

MISS LAURA MUIRHEAD

Prominent here in the social circles, is Mrs. James Conmee, the popular wife of our Dominion Representative. Presiding over one of the finest homes in the city, Mrs. Conmee entertains royally, but not often, and cards to these entertainments are highly prized. During the summer, Mrs. Conmee and her daughters are in the city, but when the Ottawa House begins its sessions,

the family usually flits to the Capital City.

Not far away from her parents' home, lives Mrs. James Whalen, in a big commodious house on the brow of the first terrace. Mrs. Whalen is a popular hostess and interested in all charitable works.

MRS. W. C. LILLIE

Everyone appreciates the beauty and grandeur of the site chosen by Mrs. Strathy for her home. Upon the shores of the bay, about a mile from the centre of the city, with an unobstructed view, this pretty house surrounded by fine grounds, is universally admired. Mrs. Strathy is an unusually popular hostess. A woman of broad sympathies, and cultured taste, she is a leader in all social events.

In a handsome white stone house, high up on the first terrace, surrounded by lovely grounds, lives the winsome wife of our provincial member, Mrs. J. J. Carrick. Mrs. Carrick possesses the satisfying distinction of being able to gather a host of congenial people together, and this happy knack makes her entertainments always enjoyable.

Speaking of Port Arthur's fine houses one thinks at once of the handsome residence over which Mrs. Louis Walsh presides. One of the prettiest sites in the city has been chosen for this home, and the grounds are ideal for summer fetes.

Surrounded by sweeping lawns and gardens, high on the hill, is the fine red stone residence of F. S. Keefer. Mrs Keefer's house is often the scene of select social affairs, and the beautiful rooms are frequently filled with the smartest women of the Twin Cities.

Out on the Dawson road are some very fine places, and chief among them is "Hillcrest," the home of Mrs. J. L. Meikle. Mrs Meikle is active in all charitable work, and it was through her interest and efforts that the splendid new general hospital was built

Close beside the lawns of "Hillcrest" is the handsome residence of Mrs. J. C. Dobie, Mrs. Meikle's daughter. Mrs Dobie is a great social favorite and many are the *chic* affairs given by this charming hostess.

Mrs. Seaman's fine home on the same avenue is also the scene of many smart social affairs.

Port Arthur possesses considerable musical talent. A women's musical club is in a flourishing condition at present. The women of the east, the west and the south have brought their talents and gifts into this young city, and we do not lack entertainment.

MRS MCNAUGHTON

Mrs J. W. Crooks is one of the best known musicians, and her sister, Mrs. Neil McDougall is also very talented. Miss E. Bray and Miss Hanley are two noted violinists.

The tourists who crowd our city during the summer

CAMPING AT SILVER ISLET

months always openly express their conviction that Port Arthur is to be congratulated for the number of attractive women found therein.

We have a number of American ladies who have settled in our midst. The fine residence now in course of construction by Mr. R. Scott, promises another place for social events, as Mrs. Scott is a popular hostess.

Mrs. G. Clark is another social favorite and is considered one of our most attractive young matrons.

Mrs. W. S. Beaver's pretty drawing-rooms are often the scene of social gatherings and Mrs. Beaver is a model hostess In philanthropic works Mrs Beaver is active, and as president of the King's Daughters, and president of the local W. C. T. U., her sympathies are enlisted in all that makes for the betterment of life.

Among the ladies who enjoy outdoor sport during the winter months is Mrs. W. H. Langworthy. Mrs. J. Munro also is a keen lover of the out-of-doors.

But the indoor amusement of bowling has its devotees, and the Ladies' Bowling Club is composed of our brightest women. Tuesdays are always reserved at the alleys for the ladies, and great enthusiasm is manifested by the members from both cities. Mrs. T. H. McCauley, Mrs. McNulty, Mrs. Robarts, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. C. W. McLean are among the ladies who take an active interest in the doings of the Bowling Club, while the leaders among the younger set in this pastime, are Miss E. Vigars and Miss McLachlin.

When summer comes with all its allurement of forest and stream, our women respond to the call and away to the various camping grounds near by. With so much water

MRS. F. B. TRAUTMAN

MRS. L. L. PELLETIER MRS COMER MISS SMEATON

at the door, needless to say, the women of the Twin Cities are fond of all water sports.

Silver Islet is the favorite camping ground. The cottages here are always occupied from early June until late fall.

The most important family, during the camping season on Silver Islet, is that of Keeper Cross. Years ago the Company closed down the mine, and left everything in the care of Mr. Cross. He is faithfully keeping watch until the mine is re-opened. The keeper and his wife have grown grey in this service, their children are all grown up and have homes of their own in the Twin Cities. Still Keeper Cross and his wife keep watch over the richest silver mine the world has yet known.

The abandoned village makes an ideal summer resort, and it is inhabited half the year by the people from both of the Cities. Mrs. G. O. P. Clavet always closes her splendid residence in Port Arthur during the midsummer and spends the time at Silver Islet, where she camps in a cosy little cottage with her daughters who do not look a whit younger than their mother.

Mrs. I. L. Matthews, the wife of Port Arthur's Mayor, has a cottage at the Islet, and regularly spends the summer holidays at this pleasant resort.

Loon Lake is another camping ground, where many of our women spend the summer. Mrs. R M. Flaherty and Mrs. McBrady both have cottages here.

MRS. ALAN MCDOUGALL MRS MATTHESON MRS. J. L. MEIKLE

OH! LISTEN TO THE BAND

VISUALIZING NATIONAL PROGRESS

BY J. K. MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE Canadian National Exhibition has a story of thirty-one chapters, each complete in itself —the present one being the story of a year. It is thirty-one years since Toronto Exhibition broke away from Dominion and Provincial leading strings, and proceeded to set the pace that has made it the greatest of its kind in the whole world.

Thirty-one years ago electricity was in its infancy, the old horse car was slowly dragged to the grounds, the automobile had not come, the telephone was a toy, and Marconi would have been looked upon as an inviting subject for medical examination. Then the great West was a wilderness, the C. P. R looked on as the limit of foolishness

To-day Canada has commercialism in the East, and in the West the granary of the Empire. And so has Toronto Exhibition developed, first into Canada's great fair, and finally into the Canadian National Exhibition.

The Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association was incorporated in 1879. The previous year, on a supposition that the provincial exhibition was to be held in Toronto for two successive years, various improvements had been made in the grounds. But the Ontario government understood things differently, and moved the provincial show and its accompanying grant of money to a rival city. Then Toronto, as much in anger as in wisdom, determined to run a show of her own. Discouragements never come singly, and the first bump from the province was followed by another from Toronto when a by-law providing funds for the enterprise was voted down by the property holders.

But those old directors were of the kind who don't quit, once they start. They roused the city council to action, and as a result a supplementary tax rate was levied, and the money to make the beginning was taken out of the taxes. The amount paid in prem-

THOROUGHBREDS

iums that year was $17,107.92. No provincial exhibition had ever paid out so large a sum. The Toronto Exhibition had jumped into the lead right in the start.

In 1879 the number of people who paid admission at the gates was 101,794, and the total receipts from all sources were $57,296.78. In 1908 the attendance reached nearly 700,000, the total receipts ran up to $234,137.31.

Of course the educational value of

HOW THEY MAKE THE BUTTER

IN THE HORSE RING

such an enterprise is immense, but the great mass of the public wants entertainment. The best bands on the continent and the famous military bands of the Empire furnish the music. Great military displays and tournaments, with musical rides and artillery drives, are featured.

There is an executive committee over which George H. Gooderham,

RESTING FROM THE WHIRL OF SIGHTSEEING

M. P., presides as President of the Exhibition, and in its hands a great responsibility rests. And there is the manager, who must be a man of infinite resource and boundless energy, for the Canadian National must never drag for a moment. That Dr. J. O. Orr is exactly such a man is evidenced by the record of his eight years at the helm.

ON PLEASURE BENT

THE MOOSE AND THE MINE

BY EDWIN BALMER

Author of "Waylaid by Wireless"

ILLUSTRATED BY VA-TIER BARNES

"BOOTS and Paddles! The woods! Oh Boots and Paddles, I say! Get the lazy hunter up, Letitia!" Randall called to the closed compartment beyond our berths. "Oh Ethel!" he hailed the compartment at the other end more respectfully. "Oh Ethel! Morning!" Then he dove between the curtains of my berth

His six feet and two inches were at least two inches too much for wrestling successfully in a Pullman berth—even in the generous berth space allowed in a private car. In a moment we lay panting, baring our throats to the keen cold air which swept in through the opened window at our heads.

"Whoo—oof!" a passing engine coughed into our faces. "Whoo—oof!" it shot forth its breath again as the wheels bit upon the frosty rail. Even the steam seemed to smell of the northern forests and the clear cold streams above us. The early morning hoar-frost upon the hand rails and running gear fairly reeked with the pines from which it had come.

"Temiskaming!" The white letters assured us, and told that we had left the great private railways of civilization below us and were upon the little provincial road which the province of Ontario builds north into the forest and lake country of the moose and caribou, the Algonquin and furtrader, between Nipissing and upper lake Abittibi.

"Look!" Rand pointed suddenly

We were slipping past a siding full of freight cars. Under the tarpaulins, we saw scores of canoes and canoe-packs bolstering the canvas. Verily the paddles and portages were just ahead

In the next cars I estimated the values of the heaped up rocks, blue with silver and cobalt, being sent down to the smelters; but Randall's exclamation called my attention to the open door of a box-car beside which we were halting.

"Moose! Bull moose! In there with those deer!" he pointed. "Wow, what a horn! But the other's broken and he's shot just over the left eye. But that's not all; look at the way the fellow had to pepper him! Fifteen shots in a dead moose's chest! What do you make of that?"

"A fresh break," I said. "That horn shows he's been fighting another moose. There's blood on it."

"He's been fighting a man!" Rand replied. "If another moose broke off that horn for him, he'd be torn up somewhere else. But he's not. Just all shot up. That's all."

"I suppose he broke off that horn, then, brushing it against the hunter?"

"No; moose do not easily brush off their horn against hunters," Rand replied pityingly. "But if, my classmate, the hunter is hunting in a thick and somewhat tumultuous Canadian forest reserve and the moose is somewhat astigmatized by a "45" bullet over the left eye and endeavors to charge human antagonist, might or might he not encounter one of the murmuring pines and hemlocks with sufficient anger to break off that horn?"

We punched each other severally. We were backing in to the station now and as Randall stared over the waiting crowd, he gave a yell.

"The Animal Assassins!" he hit me on the back.

"Where? Who?"

"Oh Ethel!" Randall stuck his head out of the curtains. "Oh Ethel Baylie!" he intoned to the stateroom beyond. "Get up! Your animal assassins are here! Your dear menagerie murderers are he—ere!"

"Thank you—ou!" Ethel intoned back, mocking him. "I'm u—up!"

"Oh, her Englishmen!" I comprehended, searching the crowd outside more intelligently.

"Yes; her Englishmen," Rand repeated. "That's right. Say it! But how a perfectly peaceful, humane, polite *and* provident girl like Ethel can care for those gaping game-gunners is too unusual for me. They've no other idea in life than to go about shooting up all the contemporaneous animals extant. And when they aren't shooting them up, or on the way to shoot them or telling how they've just shot them, they're complaining because there aren't more to shoot. Now I'd be the last to comment if there was anything practical in this menagerie-murdering mania of his; but he's ruining himself at it. And to think that pretty, peaceful and practical little Ethel could want to marry him!"

"When she could so much better marry you!" I put in. "But that's always the way—a provision of nature!"

"A provision? I suppose you'll say too that it's a provision that these two Britishers had to meet us here at North Bay this morning for breakfast rather than at Rib Lake for lunch as they wired. I counted on this forenoon free from them anyway; and there they are!"

I followed his contemptuous indica-

ABOUT US A DOZEN CLEAN, WHITE STAVES, BEARING BARRINGTON'S NAME, STUCK FROM THE GROUND

tion successfully. I had met neither Barrington, to whom Ethel was engaged, nor his friend, Brooks. But by combining Rand's and Ethel's descriptions, I made them out.

The same week in November which

had taken the ban from hunting, had born to the lower world great stories of silver finds in the same northern forests where the moose and deer ran. So a wild, rough, pushing, jamming, sweating and struggling crowd were packing and piling into the passenger coaches ahead of us to get to the newly discovered mines.

Standing disgustedly, scornfully apart from these, I saw the English—Brooks and Barrington, Randall's hated rival

Seventeen years before, when Rand first met Ethel, he had started out correctly with her and gained considerable impetus into her affections by promptly gluing her hair to her chair in kindergarten. Later he faithfully snowballed her in winter and stole her shoes and stockings when she went wading in summer. Then he idiotically made the fatal mistake, when he returned from college, of treating her properly; and he was lost immediately in the hopeless herd of us who made that mistake from the first.

Whereupon Barrington, "mighty and cruel hunter," came along and wooed her with tales of sudden and skilful deaths he had visited upon the various beasts of the globe; and gentle little Ethel fell hopelessly in love with him.

Grayton Randall—Rand's brother—had married Letitia, Ethel's sister, with whom Ethel lived. After visiting them a month, Barrington departed to England to gather a best man and a few ushers. But before the wedding, Grayton suggested that Barrington and Brooks come back in time to annihilate a few moose in the north Canada woods. So Grayton had procured a private car for the party.

"Kindly convene upon yourself whatever constitutes a quorum of clothes in this region," Rand now cut my scrutiny short. "For the hurrying, venal herd of miners will soon be from before their British majesties' feet and their graces will come this way. What ho, Grayt!" he called to his brother's compartment. "Seest thou not the noble Barrington without thy portal? Ope then the portcullis of this Pullman straightway and dispatch thy Ethiopians——"

RANDALL STUCK HIS HEAD OUT OF THE CURTAINS

"Coming!" Ethel's voice warned before she opened her door. Rand dove quickly into his own berth. Grayton and Letitia came out. Ethel joined them and the Englishmen got aboard We could hear, as we dressed, the echo of the meeting.

"Hear him?" Randall smiled. "Complaining already. The English, you know, think they aren't really cordial unless they acquaint you as frankly as possible with everything they find wrong—or incomprehensible, which is the same to the English. What is he fussing about now?"

"He is offended," I said, "because the persons outside are in haste to get where they're going."

"But the worst of it seems to be," Randall corrected me as he listened "that they're not only hastening so vulgarly but for such a low purpose' Now if they were crowding each other to kill something, I think he'd forgive them. But they're hurrying just to get at some silver. But this is nothing—from Barrington. You haven't had to sit about and hear him tell Ethel—'

"From what I've heard, you haven't *had* to, exactly."

"I said you haven't had to hear him recount his woes hunting in Africa. He positively weeps when he tells how he himself was treking it about down there with a Canadian who passed himself off as a gentleman to Barrington when he wasn't down there to massacre gnus or zebras or walruses or —or flying-fish or anything else that that Johnnie Bull was after. Fancy, the vulgar fellow was down there for nothing but diamonds. Then there was the other heartrending tale of the chap who betrayed poor Barrington into camping with him before Barry found that he was slaying elephants with no idea whatever of sticking the tusks along his ancestral staircase. The bounder actually meant to sell them.

"And the way he used to get poor little Ethel with his 'pure sportmanship!' While I *know* that if he really thought he could get a mine as well as these fellows outside whom he is criticising now, he'd be after it as quickly as any of them. He hasn't anything too much himself."

"If you think that," I suggested, "why don't you try him?"

"What?" Rand turned to me quickly

"They're coming!" I warned.

The train had now started; and as Grayton introduced us and led us into the dining room where breakfast was waiting, the first of the forest lakes glittered under our windows.

AND STANDING DISGUSTEDLY APART, HE SAW THE ENGLISH

Randall's faithful friend "King" O'Shanagath, who supplied guides for hunting parties, had sent to us some fresh moose steaks that morning. The English at once began discussing the comparative toughness of moose-meat with the choice cuts from other hardy zoological specimens which they had procured. Rand appealed to me for aid.

"By the way, Mr. Barrington," I began. "Do you know it's not only quite a game country above here; but it's getting to be quite a mining region too?"

"Quite, did you say?" the Englishman asked. "Why one would fancy from those miner Johnnies outside that there was nothing but silver in the bally woods. I say, did you see them shoving so?"

"Just to get at some silver!" Rand ejaculated.

"And I say, Ethel," Barrington appealed, warming up a little. "I say, you know, it's not only shockingly bad sportsmanship for these—these miner Johnnies to crowd into a game country, for silver; but actually, you know, mines spoil the region for game so! Just fancy the great gaping holes these fellows will be digging all about —and going away and leaving them unfilled too, I warrant—with nothing to prevent all the game in the country from falling in and breaking their necks, when they run about in the dark. Positive pitfalls, these mines, I say. They should be prohibited!"

"Well taken!" Rand agreed. "Just

because a man takes a hundred thousand or so in silver from a hole doesn't prevent it from being a pit, if the game stumbles into it. Couldn't these fellows be driven out and stopped from mining under the game law?"

"I say, I'll see to that!" the Englishman enthused. "I'll see the game commission and present it to them that way. No; I'll see the Viceroy himself, that I will! Or," he substituted the last and highest appeal of the outraged British conscience, "I'll jolly well write the *Times* about it! And I'll see that———"

Rand looked across incredulously at Ethel, who was watching Barrington admiringly. Then he sadly motioned me away; and at the rear of the car, handed me a telegram which he had written.

" 'Daniel O'Connell O'Shanagath,' " I read. " 'Send me at once to private car at Rib Lake the best liar—white or red—attainable. Please prepare him yourself to thoroughly string two Englishmen on the best mine fake you can invent. No intent to fraud. Merely fool them; but do it! Remember they are English!' "

The train was slowing down to a little station. We swung off, sent our telegram ahead to Rib Lake; and jumped back.

All morning the blue pine branches brushed our flying car on both sides as the narrow single track wound deeper and deeper into the woods. Then at last we slowed and stopped again. Our car was shunted onto a bare little siding where a stream steamed hazily through the silent pines. The engine gave us a parting good luck toot and was gone. Our guides appeared from the lake.

"Much moose; much deer!" they promised. Grayton, Rand and I jumped down to meet them. But the English had stayed back and were looking the other way.

A half hundred miners and prospectors from the coaches which had come up with us, were tramping noisily into the woods. Barrington and Brook seemed watching them dubiously. I remembered that Randall had said they were far from rich; and for an instant it seemed the contagion of the miners' fever had caught them. But as they caught us looking at them, they recollected themselves.

"Where are the guides?" Barrington inquired of Randall.

"Your particular guide is just coming, Barrington," Rand punched me joyously as he looked ahead. "For here comes Jimmie Pacau. He'll try your real sporting blood. He's extra, Grayton," Rand explained to his brother. "You see I wanted to give Mr. Barrington, for Ethel's sake, the best test for his sporting blood. So I wired ahead to O'Shanagath to send me his best. That's Jimmie Pacau. He's high up Algonquin pure blood and most formal. But—hello, Jim!" he welcomed the Indian. "Big news?"

"Big news!" the Indian admitted, as he nodded solemnly about our circle. "Strange word from white man who found silver, dead from moose"

"What's that?" Barrington asked suddenly. Ethel and Letitia had now joined us.

"Me last night in canoe, Thieving-Bear lake. Find floating canoe," the Indian explained pompously. "Man in it much hurt—hurt so he die. Moose! Bottom canoe much stone, silver stone. Very heavy!"

"He had found a mine?" Barrington pressed again. "A mine and a moose killed him?"

"Yes; mine!" O'Shanagath's best lured the Englishman on.

"Mine he say make white man who hears, very rich! You make me rich too if tell?" the Indian demanded suspiciously of the Englishman.

"Yes; yes. Of course," Barrington replied impatiently. "But first, tell me quick where did you find him?"

"He very bad, but not dead when me find," the Indian continued. "He tell me this. Go into Temagami last week; go north to Lady Lake. Alone, no guide. Is lost after making portage from Lady Lake. Make many portages—not know where. Loon Lake, Eagle Lake, Whitewater Lake—he not know. Run round in ring. Maybe he cross Annina; maybe Squirrel; maybe Snare Lake, maybe Thieving Bear

Then he find mine. Get heavy silver rock and moose kill him. Big wounded moose find and kill him."

"I see!" Barrington exclaimed. Rand held us back while the Englishman went at the Indian again. "But surely you can tell us better where it was."

"No; just rich silver place. Just find, hear mad moose coming. Mad moose runs at man. Man shoot and no kill; shoot gun again; shoot pistol. No kill. Moose hurt man very much; think he kill man, and run away. Man sense all gone. Fill canoe with heavy silver rock and paddle all. Portage canoe, portage rock, many time till I find him. Where come from, no tell. But give this paper for white man."

The Indian drew out a folded slip of paper slowly. Barrington reached his hand for it; took it and read.

" 'Before I go out of my head, I tell any one finding this, rich silver mine on north shore of a lake, which I can not name, but shaped like a crescent, bowl to the north. (Signed) Boswiss.' "

Barrington handed Rand the paper, while he pondered impatiently. The message was written apparently in O'Shanagath's badly disguised hand. Certainly it was upon the back of a bill of lading which still showed our friend's name up in one corner. But the Englishman suspected nothing.

"The moose killed the man, you say?" he was ascertaining from the Indian.

"Dead only few hour ago," the Indian nodded. "He say mine belong white man who find this paper. Make him rich."

Grayton glanced at his brother and evidently suspected something. But Barrington pressed forward more eagerly.

The Indian slowly drew a bit of ore from his clothing.

"Here some silver rock find in canoe," the Indian exhibited it. It was rich, very rich, we saw.

O'Shanagath had certainly done it thoroughly and loaded Pacau with his very best ore. But the English examined it impatiently.

"This is no use," Barrington returned, "unless we know where it came from. Surely there aren't many crescent-shaped lakes about here?" he appealed to Grayton.

"A good many, I'm afraid," Grayton drew a map from his pocket, "See?"

"Skittles!" Barrington ejaculated disgustedly, as he looked over the outlines of the dozens of little forest lakes. "It might be a score of places—a

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM NOW?" HE DEMANDED

dozen miles apart. But that shouldn't stop us!" He put down the map and lifted his head resolutely. "Grayton," he said directly to our host. "I hate to take any advantage over you other chaps but—ah, this was rather for me, was it not? and—ah, I say, surely the rather exceptional circumstances will excuse me if I ask for this guide here!" He touched Jimmie Pacau.

"Oh take him, of course!" Rand urged. Grayton smiled and nodded in confirmation of his brother.

The Englishmen glanced quickly at each other; shouldered their guns and disappeared, almost without a word.

"Hot-foot-to-the-ground! Look at 'em!" Rand grasped Ethel's arm and pointed after the fast disappearing form of Barrington. "At the first breath of silver *he* has a chance to get! What do you think of him now, Ethel?" he demanded.

Ethel stood a moment staring after them; and then laughed a little. "I think I want to follow after him!" she returned.

Rand dropped her arm in disgust. "Grayton," he took his brother aside then, "of course I fixed that all up to show up Barrington's true sporting blood to Ethel. But as she still wants to follow him, take her, Grayt—as you love fair play—and duck her into every crescent-shaped lake south of Hudson Bay till the character of her sportsman friend soaks into her. Come!" he called royally to me, then. "Let us show them the true hunters!"

With Johnnie Huddaw to guide us, we sallied into the woods exultantly. Before long a shot answered one of ours from over a ridge, and our faithful friend, O'Shanagath, appeared beside us.

"'King!'" Rand caught him gratefully. "Old chief Pacau was part perfect! And when he pulled that note of yours on the back of that bill of lading! Wow!"

"Misther Randall!" O'Shanagath was repeating puzzled. "Why byes!" he looked from one to the other of us.

"'King,'" I asked quickly, as something made me cold. "Quick! Did you get a telegram from Rand this forenoon?"

"A telegram?"

"What?" Rand was backing away.

"Wait!" I pressed on. "'King,' you have stuff shipped care of you pretty often, did you have some shipped for a miner recently——"

"A young chap named Boswiss?" O'Shanagath inquired.

"Wait, 'King!'" Rand appealed this time. "Did you ever give Jim Pacau samples of ore?"

"Jim Pacau samples of ore?" the Irishman repeated, honestly puzzled.

But Rand was bumping his head against a tree. He swung and caught me.

"That was the best stuff south of the Arctic Circle and I've handed it to that bloody British animal-exterminator to support him and Ethel in——"

"Postpone the rest till you've lost, Rand!" I said. "He's only a little start; and if——"

O'Shanagath was staring at us.

"Bhoys," he suggested calmingly. "There's a moose——"

"The devil with moose!"

"Not with *the* moose, Rand!" I cried. "Remember the one we saw in the car this morning. That must be the one. It was shipped from the station just above here. We can follow its back trail."

"Right! Come on!" Rand ran away without a word, Johnnie Huddaw and I following. In half an hour we came out of the woods to the little station house. Yes; the great moose had been shipped from there the night before. It had blundered, badly wounded, out of the woods. Someone had given it the final shot and shipped it down.

We found its trail and ran again through the woods. It ran directly back toward a little unnamed crescent shaped lake which is one of the smaller links which Mountain and the Thieving Bear lakes hold between them. The red-dripped trail was easy and direct. It stopped suddenly and ran into a stain upon the pine needles, all hummocked with a struggle. But over these were a set of fresher marks—of English boots.

"Two hour ago," Johnnie Huddaw determined as he examined those marks. "Maybe hour."

And about us a dozen clean, white staves, bearing Barrington's name, stuck from the ground. We kicked at the blue silver vein running fairly to the surface of the ground which he had staked out and claimed.

"He's done it!" Rand cried. "But if Ethel marries him after this!" He led us sullenly back through the forest.

As we approached the break in the woods which held our car, we suddenly saw Barrington and Brooks with Jim Pacau bearing upon a pole between them, a small deer.

"I'm glad to see he's had remorse enough," Rand grunted, "to get that deer. But if he thinks that can square him!"

"There's Ethel!" I pointed in a different direction where Grayton and Ethel and two of the guides were coming out of the woods.

"Good. Now the show down!" Rand said to me.

"Barrington," he extended his hand, as the others came within hearing. "You beat us. I must admit when it comes to a business like this, no one is in it with a 'true' sportsman. You have it and it's a beauty."

"I have it?" the Englishman repeated surprisedly. "Why, my dear chap, can't you see it's only a deer and a small one at that!"

"I must admit too that you staked it out rather cleverly," Rand proceeded severely, "for one who's taken such a superior, spurning position."

"I staked it out? I take such a superior position? Why, my dear fellow, I had no chance to stake this one out; but I assure you I would gladly, with my own hands. I have often."

"I thought so," Rand grunted. "But why do you deny this? Really, it is not so ineradicably discreditable, except from your previous point of view. You shun us on it. Admit it now!"

"I shun you—it, you mean?" the Englishman's voice rose in his perplexity. "Why, my dear fellow, I say I didn't get him at all, the great man-killing brute. Someone else had already shot and shipped him. So the beast didn't get away. But I jolly well wish I had potted him myself, the murdering beast!"

"See here, Barrington," Rand returned, out of patience at last. "I can't make out what you're driving at. But I might as well tell you right now it's no use. We've seen your name on the stakes of the mine!"

"My name on the stakes of a *mine?*" the Enghshman repeated helplessly. "I say, Ethel—I say, do you make out what he's driving at?"

"Oh please," Ethel came to his rescue. "Oh please, he didn't stake out that claim. *I* did. I told you I had better follow, so I got Grayton to take me. After they found the place, we followed them there and staked it out. I told Grayton to enter it in your name," Ethel explained to Barrington.

"But Ethel—I say—I say!" Barrington was stammering.

"Can—can you understand and forgive me?" Ethel appealed to him.

But Rand was leaning back against me for support.

"Wait, Ethel!" he called weakly. "Wait—please! Ask him to forgive you; that's right! But please don't try to make him understand in my presence. I'm weak enough.

"But, old playmate," he braced himself slightly. "Reassure me before I go. You knew all the time he meant merely to trace that moose and was looking for the mine only as a starting place for the moose's trail? Yes. Then strike one, Ethel; you understand him. You consequently followed and staked out the claim! Strike two; you'll be able to support him! And for that, you ask him to forgive you. Three and out! You love him! Farewell. But Barrington, don't be too hard on her for this, old chap. And *don't* try to understand what made her do it. This is one of the crises in a man's life when he must have blind faith and trust the woman he loves, no matter how black appearances are against her. Johnnie; the evening train is coming down. Deploy about the bend and wave something at it. Come, friend," he motioned to me. "Elsewhere!"

HOMEWARD

BY ZENO W. PUTNAM

BOYS, lend me your aid, if you're willing, and take
A place in a fond mother's prayer.
I've got a through ticket, and want you to make
The very best time that you dare.
Ah, yes, it is true, I am happy and gay
As a child. And the cause, can you guess?
I am going back home to see Mother to-day,
On your world-famous Eastern Express.

'Tis many long years since I went from her door,
How many, I scarce can recall.
What hopes and ambitions, what dreams are now o'er,
She knows; she has counted them all,
Has wet with her tears every failure and woe,
And blessed with her joy each success.
But, come I in joy or in failure, I know
Her welcome awaits the Express.

Yon fairyland visions I scarce can recall,
The beauties that Nature imparts:
For there's many a vision in life, after all,
That only is meant for our hearts.
Mine gleams far ahead, where the train's mighty roar,
Brings a smile that age cannot suppress
On the face that I love, looking out of the door
To welcome the Eastern Express.

So open the throttle a little bit wide,
And hit up the pace with your touch.
Just take the sweet face far ahead for your guide,
And don't watch your time card too much.
It's not every day such an angel as this
Attends with her prayers your success,
Awaiting her boy, with a smile and a kiss,
And a Godspeed the Eastern Express.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"I came here to tell you something," he said, in a low tone. "You are clever enough to guess it."

Fay frowned.

"Et tu—" she began.

Gordon laid his hand on hers for an instant, and pressed it hard.

"Some day you will love me," he said, with an assurance of which the girl was conscious, even though she resented it. "They say love begets love, and I believe it. I have always gotten what I wanted—if I wanted it enough—and I want you more than all the other things put together."

"How melodramatic," interrupted Fay.

Gordon took no notice.

"When you left I was not sure. Now, there is no doubt, and furthermore, I believe you too care, although you have always been mistress of yourself and can't succumb without a struggle."

Fay turned and faced him squarely.

"Gordon," she said slowly, "I admit I ran away from you, not that I was afraid of your seductive charms, but because I wanted to keep you as a friend; trite, I know—however, it is a shade better than being a sister to you. If friendship is impossible, say so, and leave me in peace." She held out her hand impulsively, and raised her heavily-fringed, serious eyes to his. "*Will* you be my friend?"

In sudden passion, Wylde threw the proffered hand angrily aside, exclaiming;

"I will *not*," and turning on his heel, walked abruptly away.

CHAPTER V.

Almost by the time Fay reached home, there was a messenger at the door, with a note from Wylde, begging her pardon for his behavior, and declaring a truce: "I will be anything," he wrote, "if I can only be *there*."

"The morning's tiff, however, left a disagreeable impression which permeated the whole day. Even Lorna was depressed, in spite of Fay's account of Wylde's admiration for her.

Chester had decided to make the investment he had discussed, and had asked for a curtailing of household expenses in order to procure a larger amount of stock. Lorna was going to

discharge the two maids, retaining only Nanny. Necessarily, this confined the mother much more than was good for her, and the children could not get their accustomed attention.

Every day there seemed some fresh economy imposed, although to do Sayre full justice, he had absolute faith in the ultimate outcome of his venture, and the added cares forced upon Lorna distressed him, even though he had not the power of will to resist the cause which made them necessary. Fits of irritability succeeded depression and languor, until Northrop finally persuaded him to see a physician.

The verdict was hardly satisfactory, nor reassuring, and Chester was strongly advised to drop everything and rest. This he declared was impossible; the firm could not spare him just now, and by staying home he could do some work outside of office hours, which would be a small help.

THE FACE OF CLINTON NORTHROP ROSE VIVIDLY BEFORE LORNA

Lorna never complained—she was even-tempered, calm, with an under-current of cheerfulness which was a constant source of wonder to Fay, who was as changeable as April weather. With Chester she was always tender, trying to soothe him, very much as she would the fretful baby, and in his moments of doubt as to the success of this plan, Lorna was the one whose confidence seemed a mainstay. To Northrop she was unaffectedly trusting, appealing to him in many ways which neither he nor she realized, but which Gordon saw and mentally noted.

Owing to Sayre's increasing indisposition and dislike to going out in the evenings, the four were often together, taking excursions to suburban resorts and places of amusement. Fay absolutely refusing to be left alone for any length of time with Wylde.

"I am worn out trying to be funny," she said one night to Lorna, after coming home from one of the roof gardens. "I say in the language of Peg Woffington, 'To amuse the public! What a sad vocation for one who thinks!' Did you ever notice how constantly men have to be diverted? Three seconds of silence is sufficient to turn their thought from the most harmless subject to a seething fever of desire, from which it takes some diplomacy to divert them. One has to keep weaning them constantly from the personal."

Lorna laughed. "It certainly must be trying to struggle with such a problem. I don't know what I should do now, under similar circumstances. I am so out of practice. Still, Fay, I think I should be proud and happy to have won the absorbing love of such a man as Mr. Wylde."

Then, without warning, the face of Clinton Northrop rose vividly before Lorna. She caught her breath in surprise and put the image angrily from her, as the sound of Chester's hollow cough was heard.

Fay, meanwhile, shrugged her shoulders.

"He does not love *me*," she cried; "there is nothing he would sacrifice for me, after he got me. He would 'get used to me' and crave a new sensation, exactly as he craved me, because," she continued, savagely, "he loves my body, not my mind."

"Fay, you are mad on that subject," protested Lorna, impatiently. "We are but human, following the prescribed laws of nature, the first being—the law of reproduction. We can't do away with that, dear girl."

"We can," cried Fay, vehemently, "we can, if we will! We can eradicate the desire for the body, like we would a bad trait in our characters; we can stem it as we would the first stages of a disease—for that is what it amounts

to—a disease, a germ, a canker——"

"There is a difference between wanton lust, and the sex appeal, which every thinking person must recognize. Where would you draw the line? For instance, would you like never to be kissed?"

"Not by a Gordon, most certainly."

"Would you marry a man expecting to live absolutely individual lives?" asked Lorna.

"If I married him at all," answered the other, "which is, to me, an unnecessary step. Everyone should live absolutely separate lives until, in the ecstasy of their spiritual love, there grows the desire to reproduce. We are the product of moments of unreasoning brute instinct, not spiritual desire. If the earnest, religious, thinking people of the world to-day would make marriages of the mind—not of the body"—she spread out her hands expressively—"Ah, God, what a Paradise!"

LORNA SHOOK FAY GENTLY, "BUT CHILD, CHILD, LISTEN"

There was silence for a few moments, broken by Lorna.

"I fear there would be few marriages."

"Exactly—and so much the better."

"Then you would have people living together illegally?"

"Lorna, Lorna," cried the girl, "you are surely not so bigoted. Illegally—indeed! Would you condemn a woman to everlasting perdition because she gave herself to a man without the sanction of the marriage ceremony? Let me tell you," she continued, vehemently, her eyes glowing, her figure tense with excitement, "let me tell you, that it is the marriage *tie*, as conditions are to-day, that is responsible for the baseness of society, and so much that is illegal. Human? We are, indeed! The wearing of a yoke is galling—in many instances beyond the endurance of the victim—then comes divorce, or deception; if not active, passive—it amounts to the same thing as far as my argument goes. How many men and women would have a deep and tender regard for one another, if they were not married? Did you ever think of that? And it is not necessarily because they know each other well—they would probably know each other quite as well, under other conditions. It is because they are bound by a tie, which they are taught, in decency, must not be broken."

Lorna shook the speaker gently.

"But child, child, listen. What a state of society you would have all over the world; people living on trial with each other, then starting afresh with someone else. Think what it would mean!"

Fay laughed. "You are forgetting," she reminded her cousin, "you are forgetting that this ideal state of mine

would be entirely decent, as you call it, because people would live together in mental relations, the physical appearing only in the cases of the few."

"Granting that possible," answered Lorna, still unconvinced, and a little disturbed at Fay's bold views, "the race would soon be extinct."

"That would not be my fault, nor yours. You can't carry more than your own pack. I believe we each have our share, which is not too heavy if we do not try to assume the burdens of someone else. Surely quality is better than quantity. We would do away with over-crowded slums, tenements, that objectionable class of people in the lower strata of our social system, because not having so many people to care for, the few could be given more attention, and all would be educated and civilized. Many of us are beginning to see these things in their proper light already."

"Oh, you are a Socialist, too," Lorna almost groaned. "Still, I am unconvinced, and ask again, why do people marry?"

"God knows," the girl answered, solemnly. "I have tried to understand why serious, thinking people marry. Perhaps they think they will like being bound together—if they use their wits at all. Perhaps they think it is the only safe way to insure this everlasting companionship—which disproves itself at once. But I go back to my old stand, and say the mind plays too small a part—it is subservient to what is commonly called the heart—Bah!"

Lorna sighed. "I can't see why you are so hard and bitter, dear girl, for you look so loving and affectionate."

"Oh, dear Lord, you should have been a man, Lorna," and Fay burst into a flood of passionate tears.

On the following evening, Wylde peremptorily insisted on having Fay to himself—alone.

"You have avoided me, ever since that morning in the park," he said, accusingly. "Do you not trust me?"

"I know your intentions are good," answered his companion, smiling brightly, "but I thought we might as well enjoy Lorna and Mr. Northrop."

Wylde was silent several moments, then: "Does it seem apparent to you that those two are drifting perilously near dangerous waters?"

Fay opened her lips to make an indignant denial, but at the same instant, several vivid pictures came to her mind, and she remained silent. A little scene recurred to her, to which at the time she had attached no importance. It had happened only the evening before, when Northrop had said to Lorna: "I took the liberty of putting your picture in my office this morning."

"My picture!" Lorna echoed in surprise.

And Fay remembered the tenderness, unconscious though she believed it to be, which showed plainly in the man's whole bearing as he explained that it was a copy of the famous Lorna Doone. "It is a picture I have always loved," he said, softly, "and truly, except for the hair, you might have sat for it."

Other instances too numerous to mention flooded her memory, trivial things all of them, but pregnant now with a deeper significance. It was always Northrop who considered Sayre's wife, when Chester himself was careless. It was Northrop who insisted on these little after-dinner jaunts, declaring that Lorna needed recreation, when Chester would have kept her at home with him—selfish in his love for her. And in every instance Northrop had his way, by means of his unobtrusive persistence, which perhaps neither husband nor wife saw or realized.

Fay asked herself whether he were conscious of it. In her opinion he had not the manner of a lover endeavoring to restrain his passion, and if he were not conscious of it, what would he do when the realization broke upon him? What of Lorna? Surely she had no thought of danger, for while Fay knew she could not love Chester, she also knew that Lorna had the maternal, brooding affection for her husband that a woman of her type feels for some one dependent on her. She knew that Chester was absolutely unwavering in his devotion, filling his thoughts with love for his wife, although his love for her partook more of the feminine than

of the masculine Love was not an episode with him, it was his "whole existence." He was thoroughly miserable and unstrung if he had to be away from Lorna for twenty-four hours.

He would follow his wife from room to room, with the persistence of a dog, and yet when she sat down with some mending, he would ask her to look over his ties, or perform some service for him, necessitating a struggle to get through the work she had on hand. His affection was childish in its dependence; he must be always conscious of Lorna's willingness to serve him, and Fay could see now, looking back on past events, how keenly this had irritated Northrop, how he had stood between Sayre and his wife, trying to shoulder some of Lorna's burdens. Yes, it seemed probable that he knew—acknowledged his love, and accepted it and its consequent pain, unflinchingly.

And Lorna?

There was a naturalness in her manner which no one could simulate—even Fay herself; a sort of frank appeal to Northrop, as though he were Chester's elder brother, which Fay was disposed to consider as a safeguard. What, though, would be the result when Lorna realized that she had become dependent on some one, even as Chester leaned on her?

In love with Clinton Northrop!

With a pang very much akin to that which Mrs. Sayre had felt at meeting her husband's friend, Fay realized how much finer a man was Northrop than Chester. The bitter irony of the gods, to throw these two men in Lorna's path!

"Well, are you revolving it to your satisfaction?" interrupted Wylde, who was watching with interest the expressive changes on the girl's face. "Of course, you have seen it?"

Quite suddenly Fay's eyes filled with scalding tears, and her heart throbbed with an aching pain, which she had never felt for herself.

"You are right, Gordon," she said, unsteadily, "until now, I have been blind, taken up with my own trifling affairs, too selfish to think of anyone else. O, dear Lord, the inevitable triangle. Poor, poor, Lorna!"

"Humph, I should think you would say, 'Poor, poor Chester'," replied the man

"With another kind of wife and friend, perhaps," agreed Fay. "But Chester is the one who will be spared the aches and pains. He will live and die in ignorance of everything except Lorna's never-failing tenderness and devotion, which will be more marked when she discovers—"

"Yes, but Northrop! *He* is flesh and blood. Even though he would not be a traitor to his friend, he might not be able to hide his love for that man's wife."

Fay thought a moment. "If I am any thing of a judge of people," she said slowly, "I will prophesy that neither Lorna nor Mr. Northrop will ever acknowledge the true state of affairs—certainly not to each other, and possibly they will struggle to deny it, even to themselves. Each will consider it a privilege to have known the other, they will vie with one another in being most loyal to Chester— Oh," she broke off abruptly, "how miserable I am! If she just could be wicked like me—just once!"

Gordon was not impressed. He could not understand a love which would stand the test of years, and still culminate in nothing but renunciation.

"There is a Something, which rules men's reason," he said tensely, struck afresh with the thought of his own lack of progress, thus far, "and that is—"

"Don't be tiresome, I beg," interrupted the girl, impatiently. This was just the trend she had not wished the conversation to take. "Some of us are possessed of a fineness, which chokes your all-powerful Something in its infancy, and rears in its stead a real love, reverence, adoration—giving all, asking nothing but the right to give—demanding nothing in return. You, my friend, will never know that."

Gordon watched the quivering mouth and listened to the low, throbbing voice, with its old unquenchable appeal to his senses. "Nor do I want to," he retorted hotly, "I believe in the divine right of the primal man and woman, coming first hand from the Maker; not these over-cultivated, stran-

gled creatures of an advanced civilization. Mere puppets they are, obsessed with the magnitude of their own importance, studying each act in its birth, and weaving about its performance an endless chain of circumstances. Impulse thwarted, natural cravings smothered, with pruning here and clipping there it is a marvel to me that we resemble in any way the free creatures we were meant to be!"

The two were sitting on the Sayre's verandah. Lorna, her husband and Northrop were out. The night was calm and moonlit, the street silent almost to oppression, the brooding stillness heavy with the mystery of things unseen, but felt. Fay was reclining in a steamer chair, her arms showing round and white behind her head, and the outline of her figure faint against the cushions of the chair. Gordon's pulses quickened as he leaned nearer her and caught the play of the moonlight on her serious face. He began speaking rapidly, tensely, passionately—saying the things his heart most longed to tell, regardless of the curb his reason imposed.

He was surprised, then irritated, by the immobility of the girl's expression. Could nothing really touch her? He stopped abruptly, and demanded: "Are you in a trance?"

Fay started, passed her hand slowly over her glossy hair, and said contritely: "I beg your pardon, Gordon, I am afraid I was not listening."

"Apparently not! May I enquire the nature of thoughts so entirely absorbing?"

Without noticing the sarcasm in Wylde's voice and manner, Fay began speaking slowly, dreamily, the heritage of her mother's passion strong in her. "I was on the ocean," she said, "alone on the vast, restless, limitless deep. From where I stood, in the bow of a boat, I looked directly into the setting sun making a flaming pathway upon which I rode. The waves, parted by the prow of the boat, rose laughingly to kiss me—salt upon my lips, then blew away in a shower of glistening pink drops. The wind raced by, mad with the joy of its own freedom, whipping my hair loose, then drenching it with a mist of pearly-tinted spray. The boat took each wave with a leap which would, at any other time, have unbalanced me. But at the moment, I stood firm and sure, swaying easily to the dancing motion and filled with a bliss unspeakable."

She closed her eyes narrowly, looking into a picture the very vividness of which thrilled her.

"Alone, alone on the ocean! Sailing on and further on into the Heart of Things—away from the narrow, the sullied, the degrading, the trivial. Oh, the bigness of it, the strength of it, the purity of it! Just me, alone, save for a dazzling sea-gull, circling restlessly above my head."

"Fay," whispered Gordon, hotly, "for God's sake have pity! Would you wantonly drive me mad?" And before she was conscious of his purpose, he had seized her passionately, and covered her face and lips with burning kisses.

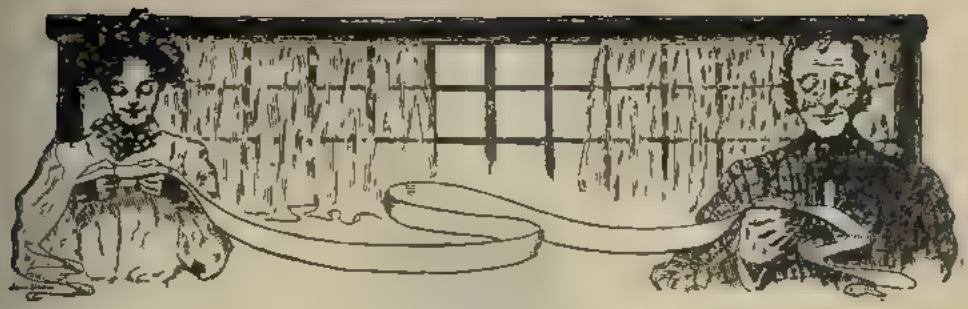
Wrenching herself free; the girl looked at him a moment in scornful silence, then: "How dare you," she cried. "You, whose very existence I had forgotten! For the moment I was free, my soul gloried in its liberty, I was beyond your reach, and you dragged me back by your selfish earthiness! Of all animals, man is most like the wolf, brutal, blood-thirsty, carrion-loving, hungry with an ever-whetted desire for its body's base cravings." She covered her face with her hands, shuddering. "Now, Gordon, go!"

"I can't," he cried brokenly. "I love you, love you, love you!"

"Bah," Fay answered scornfully. "Where is the powerful will of which you have so often boasted? Where is the self-respect you need so urgently? If you could but see yourself, sitting there a slave to a thirst which is mastering you, a creature of broken, feeble will. Shame!" she cried, vehemently. "Shame! I should ache with mortification, if I felt that anything, *anything*, could so master me!"

Gordon raised a drawn, white face, and smiled ever so faintly.

(To be continued.)



THE SCHOPENHAUER SANITARIUM

BY J. DEQ. DONEHOO

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DREW

IF McKennan had been twenty-five, he would have paid no attention to that advertisement, would have scorned and flouted it as something abominable; but he was forty-five and of Scotch descent, so that things were different.

The advertisement appeared in one of the leading magazines, a short notice in the neighborhood of "Learn to Write Advertisements," "Make Money Writing," and the like. It read as follows:

DON'T GET MARRIED. If you are in love, let us help you out and save you. Falling in love is now recognized by science as a *disease*. It readily yields to a form of treatment which is neither difficult nor expensive, depending mainly upon accurate diagnosis of individual cases and expert application of psychological principles. Practically no drugs used at our sanitarium, where both sexes are treated. A cure is guaranteed within thirty days, or money will be refunded. We have cured thousands and can do as much for you. Send to-day for our booklet containing testimonials and treatise on the evils of love and matrimony. Address, Schopenhauer Sanitarium, Dept. XYZ., Montreal, Que.

"By Jove," said McKennan, as he hastily sat down and dashed off a letter asking for the booklet, "there's sense in that. I believe there's something in it; at least there ought to be for humanity's sake. It's all very well to have our public schools give instruction regarding the evil effects of alcohol upon the human body, and Keeley institutes for the reformation of inebriates are commendable enough; but I believe that where whiskey slays or renders unhappy its thousands, love and marriage annually slaughter their tens of thousands. Philanthropists and societies make fuss enough about the victims of drink, yet every newspaper is full of accounts of love tragedies, divorces, domestic unhappiness and suicides or wrecked lives as their result. Yet it never seems to have occurred to any considerable number of people, either that warning to the young about this greater evil was necessary, or that the cure of those treading the downward path was possible."

And yet, at this very moment, McKennan himself was treading that same "downward path" with accelerating footsteps. He knew it, too, and would have confessed as much to any sympathetic friend. But being of Scotch descent, as before mentioned, the fact that he knew it did not prevent him from philosophizing about it freely, and dissecting minutely the warring impulses that were struggling in his breast at the time.

The fact is that Alexander J. McKennan, wealthy business man, and widower of three years' standing, was madly, hopelessly in love with little pink-cheeked, twenty-year-old Madeline Rivers.

McKennan solemnly resolved, when his wife died, that he would never think of marrying again. He had truly loved her, and had been a kind and devoted, though perhaps in later years a somewhat indifferent husband. For the last decade, he had been so absorbed in business, that imperceptibly that chasm between husband and wife which time inevitably widens unless it be constantly bridged by mutual sympathy and common interests had expanded into a very gulf. Yet McKennan was profoundly shocked and grieved when he stood by the flower-covered casket that day, and tender memories reaching back through twenty years surged through his breast.

It was partly, then, through sentimental loyalty to the memory of his bride of long ago, but mainly on account of considerations as to his own future happiness, that McKennan had firmly decided, then and there, never to form another matrimonial alliance. In later years, accompanying his great financial successes, a genial, not ill-natured cynicism had grown upon him. In his secret heart, he dubbed all marriages comparative failures at the best. His philosophy pronounced it impossible that any man and woman, mated by nature at one period of their lives, should through a series of changing years both grow, and yet each continually remain to the other what an ideal marriage demands. That ideal was a dream, one of those beautiful fancies to which the multitude clings, but which the wise have long since discarded.

And, besides, he reasoned, what need had he to submit further to the inconveniences of marriage? He had with him still the choicest fruits that any marriage could yield, in his interesting family, two charming daughters. He had had his own little love romance in the years that were gone; its sweetness was now so idealized by time's magic, that no renewal of the marriage relationship could possibly measure up to that vision of the past. Better for him, henceforth, to cherish this memory and live the free life for which he knew now that he had really yearned in later years. A man with interests in life like his had no need for any resurrection of this love twaddle, even if it were, as the poet averred, "woman's whole existence."

SEVERAL TIMES IN HIS RAMBLES, HE MET ONE OF THE FEMALES

Thus McKennan, like Plato, "reasoned well"—when he got his mind off Madeline. When he was with her, or got to thinking of her, which was often, philosophy entered into a period of decadence.

And philosophy had been having a terribly hard time of it lately. Madeline *was* a provokingly pretty girl, as well as a most accomplished and charming one. She was bosom friend to McKennan's older daughter, Agnes, and both had just returned this June graduates of Wellington College.

It was inevitable, under these circumstances, that McKennan, who was a most kind and indulgent father to his two daughters, saw much of this young girl, also. Not only was she often at his house, but he frequently acted as escort for her and Agnes together.

It had been about a year now since first he had begun specially to notice little Madeline's attractions. He had as yet paid the girl no formal court, and no one had seriously thought of coupling their names together. But he felt well assured that little Madeline, with her fine woman's perception, had already practically guessed his secret; she knew that he was at least perilously near being in love with her. And McKennan was more flattered than he had ever been by all the past successes of his life, to know that this charming young girl undoubtedly liked him very much indeed. That she loved him already, he scarcely dared hope. But with this basis of established favor, what lay in the way of the success of his suit, if he should openly declare it? It was true that there was some disparity of age, but that was nothing these days. He was a man in the prime of life, rich, successful, respected, a favorite in society. Madeline's family would certainly smile upon the prospective match, and encourage it by every means in their power. McKennan was not over-confident as to the result, nor was he at all afraid to make the venture. He simply felt that by his best efforts he would surely win, just as he had, so far, won in every important undertaking of his life. But should he try? The reasons *pro* were evident; the reasons *con* were that solemn vow to himself over a dead wife's tomb, philosophy, and common sense

BUT THE INSTITUTION'S ETIQUETTE PRESCRIBED A BOW AND NOTHING MORE

But sooth to say, these latter, although putting up a pretty good fight, were getting somewhat disfigured when that booklet came from the Schopenhauer Sanitarium.

Now a booklet gotten out by a sanitarium is not usually a very remarkable document, or one calculated to change the mind of a hard-headed business man; but this was no ordinary booklet. No wonder it rapidly gained recruits for the institution.

First, its testimonials were conclusive as to the infallible results following the treatment. McKennan could have no further doubt that he *could* be cured of his infatuation for this young girl, if he so desired. It is doubtful, however, whether he would have summoned up resolution enough to want to be cured, if it had not been for the awful logic of the rest of the booklet, in its pitiless exposition of the evils of love and marriage. Being Scotch, McKennan could not resist logic.

The booklet's expose of the evils of marriage was conclusive and its arguments as to the higher degree of happiness to be found in the celibate state were most convincing. These conclusions were supported by the opinions of the wisest men of all ages, from St. Paul to Schopenhauer himself, after whom the institution was appropriately named. McKennan was surprised, confounded, convinced by the forcefulness and unanimity of this symposium of the wisdom of the centuries upon these subjects. From St. Paul's "it is better for the unmarried and widows to abide even as I," down to Schopenhauer's modern wail over the miseries of the married state, and his conclusion that even "love marriages, as a rule, turn out most unhappily," there was no dissentient voice. Some of the homilies of St. Jerome, St. Gregory, and other fathers of the church, which were quoted upon this subject, were enough to convince the most enamored swain that ever sighed, if he had an atom of gray brain matter left untouched by the deadly microbe love. Theodore Roosevelt and other friends of the marriage institution really ought to give this booklet their early attention in the interests of morality. It ought either to be answered conclusively, or be suppressed by law on grounds of public policy.

McKennan's mind was made up. He would escape the yawning abyss; he would leave for the sanitarium without another sight of Madeline, and be saved.

It took only a few days to make all necessary arrangements for a month's vacation, and McKennan left for Montreal in the best of spirits, all things considered. He had not seen Madeline from the day his resolution was taken, had, indeed, only learned that she also had left for a vacation in the East the day before he did.

The sanitarium made a favorable impression upon its latest patient. It proved to be a beautifully situated rural retreat, a few miles out of the city, up the River St. Lawrence. Embowered in the midst of grand old oaks, and surrounded by well kept lawns with flowers everywhere, McKennan, with some of the old leaven still remaining, mentally remarked that it would give an ideal setting to one of those love romances whose purpose it was to counteract.

But the personnel of the sanitarium staff and the mode of treatment soon dispelled any frivolous impressions. This latter was no joke; it was rigorously scientific, requiring the undivided attention of the patient. It depended upon psychological principles long vaguely understood, utilized indeed, by the early ascetics of the Christian church in their pursuit of the celibate life, but only in modern times scientifically formulated, and worked up into a practical system.

The fundamental idea was that of continually strengthening, by various means, the intellectual faculties of the mind, as against the emotional ones, and then bringing into play suggestion, perhaps really hypnotic in its character, as to the unworthiness and generally unlovable nature of the person loved. Ancient ascetics followed essentially the same plan in a crude, and possibly one would now say, repulsive manner. The anchorite who had a novice still troubled with visions of some fair face amidst the vanities of the world, told him to think and dwell upon that face wrinkled and seamed by old age, or horribly disfigured and disgusting from disease. He reminded him that the wavy brown hair and adorable complexion hid a grinning skull within, that all human beauty sank into execrable rottenness beneath the touch of inevitable decay and death. Hence the skull was always found in the anchorite's retreat; the thoughts which

it brought to mind were his sovereign antidote for love.

He was beginning really to enjoy the sanitarium life, too. Not only was it a pleasant place, but he made several very congenial acquaintances among the patients. The ones he knew were all men, of course; for, whilst the institution received women, had more of them, indeed, than of the other sex, these were rigorously kept apart. They had an entirely different section of the grounds at their disposal, and were not often seen by the male contingent. But judging from the few female inmates that he had seen, McKennan arrived at the conclusion that all of them were old maids struggling against hopeless cases of infatuation. Several times he had met some of these in his rambles around the edge of the estate, but the institution's etiquette prescribed a bow in such cases and nothing more.

One spot which McKennan loved to visit above all others was situated just on the edge of the women's domain; he was strongly attracted to this locality by the great beauty of a little glen, and often sat there on a rustic bench conning the psychological lessons that accompanied the treatment. The surroundings were as romantic as could well be conceived; the very setting for an absurd, sentimental, love story, or tragedy, as the sanitarium authorities

McKENNAN ADVANCED CONFUSEDLY, "WHY, MADELINE; WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

would dub it. But the idea that any patient could be suspected of a desire to flirt with the female inmates at such an institution, or that any precautions to prevent this were necessary, was too preposterous to be entertained, so McKennan did not feel any misgivings about his occasional trespasses upon this lovely spot.

It was at an early morning hour on a faultless day in July that McKennan strode down the path to this favorite spot in the little glen; he would quaff one draught of its beauties before breakfast and the morning's treatment. How good the world seemed to him with all that therein was! Oh, the delight of mere living, when one is in perfect health, and life has yielded all the heart's desire; the delight of it all on such a morning as this! But the Schopenhauer Sanitarium ought to have provided special treatment for days like this amidst such surroundings. The songs of the birds, the flowers, the fragrance, the essence of life one draws with every breath on such a morning—all these are sad refutations of an ascetic philosophy! And there on a rustic bench in the glen sat Madeline! Madeline! Radiant in her perfect girlish beauty, surrounded by a witchery which he, of all men, was powerless to resist. McKennan almost reeled, and his face flushed as he advanced confusedly, and bowed, gathering himself together enough to ejaculate, "Why, Madeline! What in the world are you doing here? Certainly you are not an inmate of this institution?"

The girl blushed to a rosy tint that made her glorious in her beauty amidst such a setting. McKennan inwardly swore that he had never seen anything like it. At once, he felt his heart rise up harsh and bitter against the Sanitarium and all its works. Alas! What had he done? Lost her? And all through that accursed advertisement! Lost her! For surely he might have won, and what to the worth of her, as she sat there in her perfect girlish charm and beauty, were all those things he had set over against her? What was freedom, to such chains of love as these would have been? What was his mouldy philosophy, to the eternal thirst of the human heart for love? But why was she here? What love affair was she too trying to forget? Fierce jealousy gripped the man, and then he grimly hoped that Madeline had had better fortune in getting cured of her infatuation for some college puppy than he had had with his love for her. But all these swiftly thronging thoughts were interrupted by the fresh young voice that answered his question. There was a note of mischief in the voice, too, for the blush had mantled back, and Madeline spoke with perfect self-possession

"Why am I here, Mr. McKennan? Why, aren't you glad to see me here, and aren't you even going to shake hands with me? Might it not be possible that I also have some slight curiosity to know why you are here? I plead a woman's alleged curiosity and privilege, and insist that my question be answered first. Come, Mr. McKennan, you are not the only person who saw that advertisement. I'll make a fair bargain with you. You tell me first, frankly and fully, why you are here, and I'll tell you as frankly why I am here." Cunning little Madeline! *She* knew why McKennan had come!

And that miserable individual had a fearful time of it for the next few minutes, as he sat by the girl's side and floundered hopelessly around, trying to explain why he was there without really telling why. But she looked so provokingly sweet and self-possessed and mischievous that poor McKennan really grew quite desperate. Finally, discovering a look of something akin to pity in those bewitching eyes, he boldly said, "I came here for one reason, only, little Madeline, because I love you."

The dancing eyes grew grave and strangely soft as he said it, and a light shone in them which made his blood leap faster. As he drew the little head toward his breast, a very, very low voice said demurely, "So did I."

Two patients left the Schopenhauer Sanitarium that morning. But, although both carried receipted bills for the entire course, that institution has not to this day asked either of them for a testimonial.

A department of theatrical comment and gossip, edited by Irene Currie Love and illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

MARY JANE'S PA

HIRAM PERKINS married pretty Miss Portia when she was a girl of sixteen, because she could read books and could understand his aspirations for higher things than those afforded by the little town of Medairyville, while Portia married him because he promised to take her to Niagara Falls on a honeymoon trip

When two such irresponsible children were confronted with the stern necessities of married life, the struggle to provide a living not only for themselves but for the two children who came to them after their marriage, it is no wonder that dissensions and differences arose. Portia was practical and provident; Hiram, a dreamer who took no thought for the morrow. Bickerings were so frequent that finally Hiram folded his tent and silently stole away, leaving Portia to fend for herself and the children as best she might.

Humiliated by the position in which she found herself, Portia exchanged the small bit of property she had in Medairyville for a printing-office in Gossport and started a village paper there.

BECHER FURNESS

Of London, Ontario, who recently married Edith Lelia Baker, author of "Mary Jane's Pa"

Eleven years went by and she had grown into the belief that Hiram must be dead. She had become interested in a local lawyer, Rome Preston, and through her paper, the "Clarion," was pushing his nomination for the legislature when just at this psychological moment, Hiram returns.

Ragged and unkempt, but with an airy insouciance that grates terribly on Portia's nerves, he announces that he has come to stay, but Portia tells him that she has made this home for her-

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell
HENRY E. DIXEY
As Hiram Perkins in "Mary Jane's Pa"

self and the children without his assistance, and that she does not now propose to have him step in to enjoy the fruits of her labors. She dreads, however, to send him forth into the world again, and finally she makes him this proposition. "You were always clever in the kitchen—I'll board and lodge you, give you Thursday afternoons off, and pay you ten dollars a month to do my general housework. Take it, or leave it."

Hiram stands aghast but his sense of humor overcomes his indignation, and he says, "Very well—I accept. Exit philosopher—enter factotum," and he prepares to clear the table.

Gossport is wildly excited over Mrs. Perkin's choice of a "man hired girl." The women of the town begin to snub Portia and the two children. Hiram's self-contained poise puzzles and embarasses them. They are conscious that he is infinitely above his station in manner and attainments and they are uneasy in his presence. But Hiram goes placidly on with his work, learning day by day the lesson of love for his children, and respect for his wife

Rome Preston's rival in the political field, Joel Skinner, urges on the women of the town and things look very blue for Portia when Hiram comes to the rescue, disconcerts Skinner and helps "Perkins, the printer," get out an issue of the "Clarion" which absolutely precludes Skinner's opportunity of gaining the nomination.

Infuriated at this, Skinner leads a mob of villagers to Portia's house, demanding that this man be given to them that they may tar and feather him, urging, as an excuse, the impropriety of his living in the house of Mrs. Perkins, a widow!

Hiram, composed as ever, says, "Why shouldn't they? They are free

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell
GRETCHEN HARTMAN
As Mary Jane in "Mary Jane's Pa"

born Americans, with a constitutional government and public schools, therefore when things are a little slow, naturally they feel that they must burn or drown or kill some one—and oddly enough do it in the name of public morality. It is a feature of our national life and made us world-famous. I don't wish to stand in the way of these good citizens and their traditions, their little plan will give pleasure to the many and pain to few and the majority must rule."

Enraged at this sarcasm, the mob were about to seize him when Portia thrust herself in front of him and in the intensity of her excitement, fairly shrieked, "Stop! This man is my husband!"

Gossport morality was appeased. Her lawful wedded husband! Then everything was all right, and the mob melted away, leaving husband and wife alone together.

"Portia, it was fine of you to save my feelings before Preston," said Hiram, "for I *can* feel."

MRS. BECHER FURNESS (EDITH ELLIS BAKER)
Author of "Mary Jane's Pa"

"Hiram," answered Portia, "you must stay. Those whom God has joined together can never be really sundered—and the gift of children is God's bond. We must act in the name of that bond if we would know peace. Since you've been here, I've seen the father in you stir. It's your awakening and mine, Hiram. It isn't *all* duty. It's my happiness I'm asking of you."

Hiram, with the consciousness of his own unworthiness that has been steadily growing on him since he joined the little household, says slowly, "It all means so much to me, dear, that I shall take you at your word. I've been working for you, Portia, and I feel the strength of the universe flowing into my brain and heart. I'm in love with you and the children, with work, with the world, with myself, with God,—Can you believe me, dear?"

Portia holds out her hand and the moon shines down on the scene of reconciliation

THE ROOT OF EVIL

Money is the root of all evil, but if it is planted carefully, nearly all the good things of life grow from it.—Mary Jane's Pa.

THE FABLE OF THE DOLDUBS

One of the prettiest things in "Mary Jane's Pa" is the telling of the Doldub Fable by Hiram Perkins (Henry E. Dixey) to his daughter, Mary Jane (Gretchen Hartman). Hiram has discovered Rome Preston's love for his wife and, conscious of his own unworthiness, has decided that he should go away and allow her to be happy with the lawyer. The fable is given below.

"ONCE upon a time, there were some strange birds called Doldubs who lived in a wobbly old nest in an old tree. At first there were only Dippy Doldub and his mate Yappy Doldub, but one spring Dolly Doldub was born and after that, Dottie Doldub and the nest was so full of baby Doldubs that Dippy Doldub flew away to the next tree away from the little Doldubs—he was a yellow bird—and then he went off to another country and just kept on flying around any old place, for years and years. Meanwhile Yappy Doldub was getting all the bugs and worms to feed Dotty and Dolly Doldub. And then there came along a law—a legaritis bird, a fine, generous, good bird who sang pretty songs to Yappy Doldub, so pretty that she forgot all about Dippy and his tiresome ways and her plumage grew brighter and more beautiful every day, until a terrible thing happened—Dippy Doldub came back to the nest. Then, although he was a no-account Dippy bird, still, when he saw Yappy so happy, he wanted to give her a chance to build a nest with a nice bird that wasn't so fond of flying away—and so he decided to go away again, for it doesn't make any difference to anybody what becomes of a Dippy bird."

STAGE LOVE

The difference between stage love and real love is that in the stage variety, the more you make love, the less you want to; and in real love, the less you make love, the more you want to.—Mary Jane's Pa.

THE TRAGEDY OF SUCCESS

IN Mabel Barrison you see a blighted being, a disappointed life. Yes, indeed. She says so herself, and she ought to know.

Why? Well, just because she owns two theatres, a hotel, a garage, numerous automobiles and the position of star in "The Blue Mouse," rather than ten children and a suburban home in Toronto.

One is tempted to say, "Ain't it awful, Mabel?" when she unburdens herself of such woes as these.

Yet she really is quite serious about it, difficult as it is to believe. She says, "I don't believe in stage life for a woman. I've never been infatuated with the glamor of the footlights. I went on simply and solely because of the money there is in this profession, and as soon as I have made all the money I want, I'm going to retire and build myself a house in Toronto, my home town. I've never seen a site for a home which can compare with the Hill in Toronto and in two or three more years, I'll build a place there and be happy, away from powder and

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MARY MANNERING
Who appeared last season in "The Independent Miss Gower"

grease paint, dressing rooms and theatres.

"Yes, I've been successful. I've only been on the stage six years and things have gone well with me. I started in the chorus with Francis Wilson, but only stayed there three weeks. It wasn't very long after, that I joined the 'Babes in Toyland' company and my part there made me. I played it two years, then starred with my husband, Joseph Howard, in The Flower of the Ranch for two years, afterwards going into vaudeville.

"It was while we were in vaudeville that I received this offer to star in 'The Blue Mouse.' When we began our rehearsals, we were playing two vaudeville houses in New York, giving four shows a day. We used to rehearse all morning, go to Hammerstein's early in the afternoon, play there,

then get a taxicab, and whirl up to the Alhambra, away up in Harlem, where we'd give our act again. We did the same thing at night and in between times, we'd rehearse. It was awful!

"Then 'The Blue Mouse' opened and you know how successful a run it has had. I've been working constantly, and I'm so tired. It's a tragedy to live a life you don't like and, believe me, the triumphs of the stage mean nothing to me, compared to the joys of a quiet home, with your children about you."

In reply to a remark about the slender figure round which a maid was hooking one of the bewildering variety of pretty frocks, all blue, yet all different, Miss Barrison wears in the play, she said, "This hipless figure of mine is a joke. Before I took this part, I had never worn corsets in my life nor had I ever worn a long dress on the stage. I'd always taken little girl parts. But I knew, of course, that Paulette Devine would have to be strictly up-to-date in both her frocks and her figure, so I started in to 'reduce.' I walked and rolled and dieted and did every thing under the sun to take off flesh

"But every time I took a fresh start I put on a few pounds instead of taking them off, so finally I gave up worrying about my figure—put on the longest directoire corsets I could find and decided that if I must have hips, I'd have them and the latest hipless figure could go—where it pleased.

"But, behold me!" and the dainty little blue figure revolved for one's inspection. In truth, she was hipless, directoire cut, and modish to a degree.

"Stop worrying and wear corsets.' We might all stop worrying if we owned Miss Barrison's possessions after only six years' work.

One gave vent to this opinion and the lady who owns all these things laughed, "Oh, I'm a good business woman. I seem to invest my money well. I'm really a very serious person, you see, though nobody believes it. Mr. Fitch is writing a play for me now, which has a big emotional scene in it. In fact, I try to commit suicide. I told Mr. Shubert about it and he just laughed and said, '*You* commit suicide! Nobody would ever believe that you'd even tried.'

"So there you are. I suppose I'm doomed to play comedy roles always."

Leaving this blighted being to her star dressing room, her maid, her diamonds, hotels, motors, theatres and automobiles, one stole silently away. There are troubles too deep for words. Yes, indeed-y, too deep for words.

AN INGENUOUS INGENUE

THE curtain had not yet gone up on the first act and the manager of "The Servant in the House" ushered the lady-in-quest-of-an-interview down to Miss Glendinning's dressing-room. She was just getting into her first-act frock, a little white lingerie thing in which she looked about sixteen, and the lady-in-quest-of-an-interview said, "Won't you let me fasten your frock for you? These blouses that do up the back are so awkward."

"Oh," came a delighted voice, "I know you're English. I just *know* you are. In the States they all say gown and shirtwaist, never frock and blouse. But, of course, you're Canadian. That's just the same as English, isn't it?" and she chatted away with all the joy of being at home again after a sojourn in a strange land.

Jessie Glendinning is almost a Canadian herself. She was born in Yorkshire, England, and went to school at Folkstone until her father, John Glendinning, who is a sterling actor, best remembered in Canada for his excellent work in Fred C. Whitney's production of Bourget's play, "Divorce," came across the water to win his place on the American stage.

Little Jessie was then sent to the convent school of the "Sisters of St. John the Divine" in Oshawa, Ontario. There she remained for some years, making many staunch friends among her Canadian fellow-pupils.

As soon as she left school, she became a member of Amelia Bingham's company, playing the ingenue part in "The Lilac Room." She is full of girlish enthusiasm over Miss Bingham's kindness to the little beginner in stage

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MABEL BARRISON
Starring in "The Blue Mouse"

life and said, "You know, I had to sob violently in one scene and I never could do it, so every night Miss Bingham used to put a book up in front of her face and sob for me."

After her engagement with Miss Bingham terminated, Miss Glendinning became the ingenue at the Belasco Theatre, Washington and then played with Bertha Kalich in "Sappho and Phaon."

Then came the most important engagement of her whole life, when she joined the company of Henry Miller, the famous Canadian actor, playing in "The Great Divide" for, ten days after she met him, she married Mr. Miller's son, who was managing the company.

"Wasn't it romantic?" said the little wife, "we'd only known each other ten days and we were married for six weeks before anyone knew a thing about it. That was just a year

and a half ago and now we have the sweetest little baby The only thing that worried me, was that it was a girl and I was so sure it would be a boy, that I'd planned to call him Henry, after my father-in-law, you know. He's such a dear, and so good to me. We're great chums.

"When I knew it was a girl — well, I just didn't know what to do, so I called her Dorothy. I don't know why, but I just had to call her something, you know

"Isn't it lovely to have your husband and your father and your father-in-law and your stepmother (Jessie Milward) all in the 'business?' Yes, it's lovely but it's discouraging because they all tell you what a bad actress you are and of course you think they *must* know *something* about it, and it makes you feel you really must be 'no good,'" and the little actress heaved a sigh.

"Oh, isn't it hot? Let's send out for an ice!"

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuar Campbell

JESSIE GLENDINNING

With "The Servant in the House"

And when the lady-in-quest-of-an-interview departed, Jessie Glendinning, child-wife-mother actress, was recovering from the joys of a chocolate ice, while her bit of sewing —a little frock for "Dorothy," was carefully put away out of the danger zone of ices or make-up.

THE WISE FLY

Once there was a Wise Fly that lit on the dome of St. Peters' in Rome; and as he gazed nine whole feet about him, he said, "My! What a great world we live in." —Mary Jane's Pa.

A WOMAN'S TEARS

When a woman is past crying, she is past nearly everything that makes life worth living —Mary Jane's Pa

A LEGEND

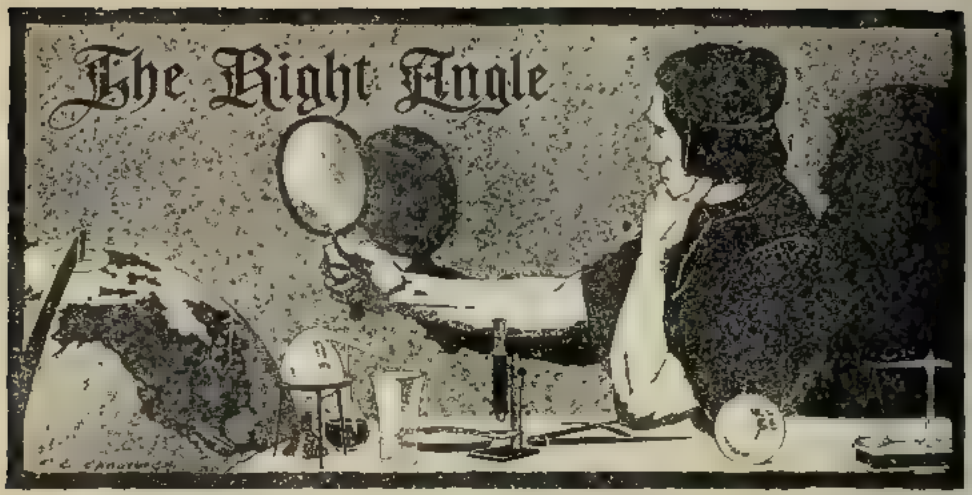
BY HELEN CLARK BALMER

A MOUNTAIN SPRING once came a long journey from the depths of the dark old earth, and struggled through rough stones and sand to reach the light, so that she could lay her firstborn in a cosy, mossy hollow. For some time the little one slept in its fern-curtained cradle; but one day a saucy zephyr parted the delicate green draperies, and the prying sun peeped in. When he saw what a delicious drink the cool water would be for his parched lips, he began to beckon with his long fingers to the lazy, sleepy little pool to come out; and the zephyr, being an idle fellow, whispered that he knew a fine game for the three to play. At first the water wrinkled its placid face, being loth to leave the cool gloom behind the beautiful, quivering ferns; but when its mother said that it might go, very soon out came one tiny foot and then the other, shyly displaying their crystal slippers. The poor, innocent pool found itself at the top of a great hill, and it could see nothing but a great blue wall before it and the burning face of the sun. "Ha! ha!" laughed the merry fellow, "now I'll have my drink!" And the sly zephyr, which had changed itself into a mighty wind by this time, joined in with a whistle, "I'm thirsty too." (For a sad pair of rogues are the sun and the wind when they play together.)

The little brook, for that was its name now, thought that it must run for its life; and gathering all its strength it dashed bravely downhill until, gaining the level meadows, it paused for breath, while the kind clouds muffled the scorching sun, and the fickle wind went off to chase boys' hats and to disturb peaceful people generally.

The little brook began to feel swollen with pride, because it imagined that it had won the race; and meeting a few rough rocks and knobby pebbles in its path, it fretted and murmured because they were not covered with soft, comfortable moss. When the clovers and pretty blue-eyed grasses wanted to bathe their faces in the clear water, the brook became really uncivil, chattering and fuming, as if it were made for better things than to be a posy's basin. But when the cold night came and stared down with thousands of sharp, glittering eyes, how the foolish brook wished for the broad smile of the jolly old sun to warm its shivering waters! And how glad it would have been to feel the gentle touch of the flowers in that lonely darkness!

By-and by the morning dawned, as mornings will, and the brook was humbled enough to be on better terms with the new day. Although often finding fault with the big stones which came in its way, the brook continued to travel far into a beautiful country during the long summer and autumn. Used to moving along at its own pleasure, it was much alarmed, one night, when a flock of tiny frost-elves flew down from the far skies and touched its waters with shining wands of ice. After that the poor stream lay as cold and still as a stone. The big, warm-hearted sun really felt sorry, and tried to kiss it back to life, while the wind whispered soft promises of better treatment, if it would only run on once more. Then grim Winter came by and muffled every object in his white furs, so that the earth seemed to sleep in sympathy with the brook. Only the sun and the wind had life and motion, until, one day, the brook felt a thousand sharp pricks thrill through its cold, stiff body, while something inside seemed to crack and shiver the hard bonds that held its tender form. Suddenly all the pent-up life leaped and rushed forward, tearing off the terrible shroud of ice. At last it was free; and with a sound of unutterable joy, it splashed and poured down, down a rocky steep, and so, evermore, was called "Laughing-Water."



THE FORELOPER

SINCE Rudyard Kipling came into his own and began to be published in editions, the world has been so thoroughly scraped for his fugacious earlier writings that all of them are supposed to have been found. The poem here following is the latest discovery. It was written while Mr. Kipling was employed as a youngster on a newspaper in India, and does not appear in any edition of his complete works. Until last year it was known in a merely fragmentary way, and Mr. Kipling himself on interrogation could only say he remembered the verse, but had no copy of it. One of his admirers ran it down recently in the scrap-book of a friend, as a clipping from an old newspaper.

"The Foreloper" voices the uneasiness that by the touch of God's finger sent out Englishmen from the ordered life of home to find new places where the appointed race should rise to greater glories, and redeem the wilderness to the uses of mankind. It epitomizes the earlier life of Canada, and denotes the spirit that moved the gentlemen adventurers to the Virginias and to Hudson Bay, that flung Lord Selkirk's pioneers across the unmapped plains, and impelled the horizon-haters who carried our English speech and law from the Ottawa to the Western sea. This is the spirit that for almost three hundred years has been laying foundations for the mightiest nations earth has known, is laying them still, and here in Canada has opened those spaces where shall stand the mightiest of all.

The first note and the last, the descant and the bass of the tremendous harmony of England's real power and destiny, are sounded in "The Foreloper" and "The White Man's Burden." The middle and permeating tones are in the "Recessional." With "The Foreloper" found, we have the full scope of our poet-prophet's message to us, his people—a message as solemn, as bodeful of purpose and responsibility, as any that ever was thundered from the peaks of prophesy to Israel of old:

The gull shall whistle in his wake, the blind wave break in fire
He shall fulfil God's utmost will, unknowing His desire;
And he shall see old planets pass, and alien stars arise
And give the gale his reckless sail in shadows of new skies
Strong lust of gear shall drive him out, and hunger arm his hand
To wring his food from deserts nude, his foothold from the sand
His neighbors' smoke shall vex his eyes, their voices break his rest;
He shall go forth till North and South, sullen and dispossessed
He shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people and a king.
And he shall come back in his own track, and by his scarce cool camp
There shall he meet the roaring street, the derrick, and the stamp;
For he must blaze a nation's ways with hatchet and with brand,
Till on his last won wilderness an Empire's bulwarks stand

ARTHUR HEMING

"An Empire's bulwarks stand." There is but one Empire. A good deal has been heard of late about a national anthem for Canada. If someone could take this poem and the two others mentioned—"The Recessional" and "The White Man's Burden,"—and express all three in one composition whose words and music should flow together, something might result that would touch the common heart-strings, and sound in one set of chords the racial soul. An anthem such as that would echo farther down the corridors of time than any song of divisional devotion, and do more to express and advance the innate force which has given us the world, than the song of any of our nations ever would.

Dominance is easier won than held. Only ideality can hold it. Rome took by the sword, and holding by the sword, Rome fell. We took by the strength we inherited from those who in a thousand years of European isolation were enabled to consolidate a race whose genius can infuse and uplift the alien to our own safe plane. All to whom our speech is native are of our kin and ultimate intent. Can someone, knowing this, blend the truth and unity of these three elemental poems, and give us instead of a Canadian anthem a song of the Anglo-Saxon, breathing the thought and feeling of all who hold that heritage, bland alike to the King's Majesty, the pride of the antipodes, the patriotism of the Yankee and our own strong love of Canada? We are children all of the self-same mother. Give us a hymn in which the whole family may lift up as one their hearts in tuneful praise to the God who has empowered us, and to whose exact justice we as one must render full account.

This might call for another Kipling—and as yet there is no other. But the century is young.

AN ARTIST OF THE WOODS

THE name of Arthur Heming, who contributed "The Love Dance" to this number of CANADA WEST MONTHLY stands well up toward the top of the list of those who have pictured Canada with fidelity, in scene, or prose, or verse. It will stand higher, for Mr. Heming is still a young man, in the earlier development of his power both as painter

C. L. ARMSTRONG
City Editor of the Victoria "Evening Post," whose verses "God's Country" appear on the reverse frontispiece of this issue of CANADA WEST MONTHLY

L. J. HERNDON

and writer; and he has done enough to show what quality that power has. His writing has virility, and tingles with life and freedom, the joy and beauty of the woods and the open. His pictures of the four-footed folk that people the wild places do for them on flat surfaces what Barye does in bronze. He is an artist, all alive, and in keen sympathy with all things that live. And he is impelled by a sense of the romantic.

Only a Canadian and an artist, to whom the north is familiar, and whose sense responds to the mysticism of the Indian, could have written "The Love Dance," or painted such a picture as our frontispiece. The tale will be found more than well worth any reader's while, and the picture is a jewel in its kind.

THE ILLUSTRATOR OF "THE CHANGELING."

A STORY and its pictures move together as feeling does with music, where the chords of perfect truth are touched, and the artist in lines has entered into the spirit of the artist in words. This is not stated here as an axiom merely, but in point of the illustrations that go with "The Changeling," Madge Macbeth's new serial, that began publication in the June number of CANADA WEST MONTHLY. The artist is a new man, L. J. Herndon. His work is not "a discovery," like the story, because he has been making pictures latterly for such prime journals as *Life*, *The Inland Printer* (one of the most beautiful magazines in all the world) and *The Pacific Monthly*, and his mural painting in oils commands a growing attention. But this is his first appearance in this magazine, wherefore a little introduction is not out of place. Mr. Herndon, being of English and Scotch derivation, comes honestly by a temperament in which solidity of judgment is tinged and graced by a fine imaginative perception of things intangible but potent. That is why he was selected to illustrate "The Changeling."

PRESIDENT TAFT'S CANADIAN PHOTOGRAPHER

ANOTHER young Canadian has crossed to denser populations and is letting his light so shine that pretty much all men over there are seeing his good works and speaking well of them. This time it is W. P. Cooper, of London, Ontario, who learned photography in his father's studio in that city, and about five years ago took his skill and his enterprise to the States, pursuant to a professional invitation couched in terms of financial enticement. Mr. Cooper's technical equipment has an accompaniment of tact that has enabled him to get first-rate portraits of great men who have been photographed into boredom and whose time is short. His pictures of Mr. Taft, taken last year, so commended him and his way of doing things, that within a few weeks after the inauguration he was called to Washington to photograph the new President and all the members of the cabinet. In the rush of a busy day, Mr. Cooper "snapped" all of them without interrupting their work. The President was photographed while he ran over his morning mail, and Secretary Wilson while the White House cow was in range of his office windows. The group of pictures, being made by

Photograph by Moffett studio

W. P. COOPER

official order, is standard, and the several separate faces have already been freely reproduced in the newspapers. Mr. Cooper has in effect become official photographer to the administration, the place held under Mr. Roosevelt by that consummate master of the camera, Burr McIntosh, who has returned to the stage. To say this is in effect to say that Mr. Cooper, of London, has succeeded Mr. McIntosh, of New York, as the foremost photographer in the United States.

FAIR IN THE BULLSEYE

HERE is the picture of a good Canadian and son of the Empire, whose example should be emulated by all who are old enough or not too old to handle a rifle effectively. He is Lieutenant G. K. W. Watson, of the 90th regiment, Winnipeg Rifles. Last summer Lieutenant Watson attended the school of musketry at Ottawa. He is now one of the musketry instructors of his regiment. In the two competitions at the school, both open to instructors as well as to students, Lieutenant Watson secured the first prizes, using in each case a Mark II. Service Ross Rifle. After the war in South Africa, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle inaugurated a movement to secure accurate rifle firing among the young men of England, turning a part of the grounds of his place in Surrey into a rifle-range for that purpose, his argument being for accurate aim with modern weapons under field conditions as they were developed in that war and afterwards in Manchuria. In this latter trouble, as much was gained through skilful marksmanship by the Japanese as by personal intrepidity, and this was the lesson Sir Arthur wished to drive home.

Canada's soldiers have always been good marksmen, but they never can be too good. They may never have to fire in action, but if that should come, they will need marksmanship like the Texan, who never needed a gun but once in his life, but needed it then like —everything. Lieutenant Watson's peculiar distinction lies in the circumstance that, shortly before leaving the school, he made the remarkable score of 98 out of a possible 105, although he had never handled a rifle at all until three months before he attended the musketry school.

LIEUTENANT G. K.W. WATSON

A DISTINCTION

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

THE ladies who dance in the shows
Can take off most of all their clo'es—
That's Art.
The ladies who watch them and laugh
May only leave off about half—
That's Smart!

BAD LUCK

IT IS unlucky to be kicked on the head by a chestnut horse on a Friday.

When picking up a lucky horseshoe take care not to be run over. It is better to go without the horseshoe.

It is unlucky to be the thirteenth guest at a dinner table which is laid for twelve only. The proper course is to wait for an invitation.

It is unlucky when travelling by rail to be alone in the carriage with a homicidal maniac.

If, at dinner, you upset the claret three times, it is a sign that you will not be asked again.

If, on your wedding day, the clergyman forgets to ask you for his fee you may consider yourself very lucky indeed.

HE WAS TOO COLD FOR HER

"AGNES broke her engagement to Louis because he was too cold and indifferent."

"He doesn't strike me that way."

"He is, though. He said as long as they saw each other every day, he didn't see any need of their corresponding."

CONVINCED

"YOU are charged with larceny. Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, judge. I thought I was, but I've been talkin' to my lawyer, an' he's convinced me that I ain't."

IDENTIFYING IT

"DO you think my peach-basket hat is too extravagant?" she asked.

"That isn't a peach basket," answered her husband as he grouchily signed another check. "That's a waste basket."

THE DIFFERENCE

"WHAT is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

"A pessimist is always thinking of his liabilities, while an optimist thinks only of his assets."

RIGHT ANGLE LENSES

"HAVE you any of those cameras that photograph out of all proportion?"

"Would it be for trout or tarpon?"

ONE EXPLANATION

"I WONDER what produces that tired feeling in spring?"

"I guess it's thinking about the summer vacation."

HORTICULTURE

"WHO is this wizard fellow, Luther Burbank, any way?"

"Why, he's the chap that's all the time getting up new trimmings for women's hats!"